

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1898.

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MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "THE SCARLET FEATHER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

REMARKABLE RESURRECTIONS.

Two historico-literary questions which have been much agitated in France of late have recently been settled once and for all, after a thorough investigation. It had been said that Voltaire's tomb in the Panthéon had been broken into at the Restoration in 1815 and his bones had disappeared. Some said that the same fate had happened to Rousseau's tomb, and there had always been a legend that he had killed himself by a pistol-shot. The Minister of Public Instruction was induced to appoint a committee, with a Senator, M. Hamel (who died rather suddenly in Paris last Thursday), at its head, and the committee, with several well-known literary men, among whom was M. Claretie, the Academician, visited the Panthéon and opened the tombs. The sarcophagus of Voltaire contained a chest of beech-wood resting on the ground, which bore the marks of seals with the fleur-de-lis upon them, witnessing the changes under the Restoration. Within the chest was a mouldering coffin closed by two rusty iron bands, in which lay the scattered bones of the great writer. As the skull was held up before the company, one could not fail to be struck with the resemblance it bore to the features of the statue by Houdon in the Comédie Française. The gentlemen present were vividly impressed by the likeness, and, if there had been

WHO ARE YOU?

The peerages and books of honours are upon us. In point of bulk, "Burke" comes first, as usual. In its 1839 pages it contains an enormous mass of facts (and a few fictions). Indeed, one could spend hours with profit and pleasure in ransacking its contents, and the would-be writer of romance could equip himself with no better primer than this. Where it does not state facts directly, it indicates sources to the inquirer.

"Debrett" (published by Messrs. Dean and Sons) is more correct within its scope, but that is limited to the living descendants of the various people included, with the merest summary of their pedigrees. For the first time a new feature appears, in the list of the royal tradesmen. As an idea of what the compilation of such a book means, it may be noted that forty thousand proofs were submitted to correspondents all over the world. "Debrett" states that Gabrielle Marguerite Cornille was born in 1881; but, of course, does not note that she is singing at the Empire. Her maternal grandfather was Lord Cecil Gordon-Moore, whose widow still resides at Hampton Court Palace. He was the son of the ninth Marquis of Huntly. "Lodge" (published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett) is smaller in size than the other two, but it has its own value, chiefly in the way in which it shows the



THE REMAINS OF ROUSSEAU IN THE PANTHÉON, 120 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.
FROM "L'ILLUSTRATION."

any doubt as to the authenticity of the remains, it was now put an end to. In the sarcophagus of Rousseau was a large leaden chest, on which was carved—

Hic jacent ossa Johanni Jacobi Rousseau
Ci-gît Rousseau
Anno 1778.

Within this was a wooden coffin containing another in lead. This was recognised as the mode of burial which the Marquis de Girardin, the friend of Rousseau, was said to have followed. On this inner coffin being opened, the remains of Rousseau were seen to be in a state of excellent preservation. His arms were crossed upon his breast, his head rested on his left shoulder, and there were even flimsy traces of the shroud apparent, which had survived one hundred and twenty years of decay. M. Berthelot closely examined the skull, and found no trace of any bullet, which put an end to the legend that Rousseau had shot himself through the head. As may be imagined, the emotion of the company during these proceedings was profound, and it was remarked that they were present at a kind of resurrection, and, after the lapse of more than one hundred years, they stood in the presence of two men, each of striking individuality, whose names were among the widest known of all French writers. After the examination, the remains were reverently returned to their places in the sarcophagi, which are to be replaced by marble tombs which M. Hamel had asked and obtained from the Senate.

collateral branches of a house. "Lodge," however, has omissions. Thus, it does not state that Lord Francis Hope is married.

"Dod" appears for the fifty-eighth year, and is published by Sampson Low and Co. Its value consists in its biographies of its subjects. The ideal peerage, of course, would do this on a complete scale. Thus, one would like to know that the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is an ardent book-collector, and used to be an enthusiastic astronomer; that Lord Southesk is a poet of some distinction. "Dod," however, gives some interesting facts about surnames. Thus, nine Peers bear the surname of Stewart or Stuart, six are Douglasses and Russells and Howards; five are Campbells, Butlers, Hamiltons, Scotts, Bruces, Erskines, Montagus, and Plunkets; while four are Hills, Barings, Brownes, Gordons, Drummonds, Cavendishes, Curzons, and Murrays. Out of a hundred and seventeen families thus mentioned, fifty-two bear what are distinctively Scottish surnames. If there could possibly be a contrast to the fixity of the people who constitute the Peerage, it is the shifting crowd which goes to make up London and the London Post Office Directory. The present is the ninety-ninth issue. How many ancestors of the people in this edition were chronicled in the first issue? Next year's edition will include several suburbs, such as Highgate, Hampstead, Hornsey, and West Kensington. Of the many other annuals to hand one may mention "The Baptist Handbook" and "The Catholic Directory."



THE REMAINS OF VOLTAIRE IN THE PANTHÉON, 120 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

FROM "L'ILLUSTRATION."

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AT THE GLOBE.

"The Bachelor's Romance" is the name of a story concerning which we hear a great deal in the play called "A Bachelor's Romance." For Mr. David Holmes, bookworm and critic, is engaged on the task of deciding which of a hundred stories sent in to the *Review* in a competition for a thousand pounds is to be the prize-winner. This clearly is "The Bachelor's Romance," by Harold Reynolds, but— To award the thousand pounds to Harold is to enable him to marry, and he wishes to marry Sylvia. Who is Sylvia? This is not a quotation. Sylvia is the sweet seventeen-year-old daughter of a man once the bosom friend of Holmes, who on his death-bed ten years earlier bequeathed her and some undutiable good wishes and kind phrases to David. A pretty child may be an ugly legacy, and it is not strange that the bachelor handed little Sylvia over to his old friend, Miss Clementina, a very precise old maid with strongly developed ideas as to the impropriety of pleasure. So Miss Clementina was like the hen-godmother of a duckling. Sylvia chanced to meet Mr. Harold Reynolds, who mishappened to fall in love with her; for while she was charmed by the society of the young man, his appeals to her heart found no one at home.

Sylvia, of course, was willing to do a good turn to Reynolds. She

means attractive young journalist, while Gerald offered his hand to Harriet Leicester, whom he had known for years. David, feeling that Sylvia could not live with two old bachelors, induced Helen to take care of her, and then began to take her to concerts and dances, quite unaware that he was in love with her. It was from Gerald, who took to drink when Harriet refused him, that David learnt what really were his feelings towards Sylvia. The discovery was painful to him, since he believed that Sylvia wished to marry Reynolds. The middle-aged book-lover thought that he ought to arrange a marriage between Reynolds, to whom he had awarded the thousand pounds prize, and Sylvia; so he arranged an engagement between them, which rendered the girl very unhappy, but not more unhappy than David himself. Luckily, Gerald took to farming, temperance, and eating big apples just before supper, and, as a result, discovered the secret of Sylvia and David. So the engagement to Reynolds was ended, and youth and middle-age entered into a holy alliance, with the heartiest wishes of everybody.

No student of acting will care to miss the opportunity of comparing Mr. John Hare's charming picture of the middle-aged bookman in love with that of Mr. Willard in "The Professor's Love Story"; the ordinary playgoer will be simply delighted by the quality of Mr. Hare's work. Mr. Gilbert Hare's study of the old secretary is quite a remarkable piece of character-acting from all points of view.



David Holmes.

Mr. Mulberry.

Martin Peggs.

Savage.

DAVID HOLMES'S STUDY IN "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

was so sweet-tempered that she would have done a good turn even to a screw. So off she went to see David the arbiter, who, although he had promised every Sunday during ten years to call and see her, did not know her by sight. As soon as she saw David, Sylvia might have used the famous phrase of Cæsar after the rout of Pharnaces Ponticus—possibly she did not know it, certainly she was unaware of her victory. Fortunately, David, though unconsciously he lost his heart in a second, would not allow Sylvia to speak about the story. Now, Sylvia was like a Mrs. Linden in the famous play that it would be unwise to name. She had motherly—not maternal—and wifely instincts lying dormant but fully developed in her, and, as soon as she saw David, desired to take care of him. She insisted upon her right as ward of staying under his roof. When the child-woman fell asleep on David's sofa, worn out by hunger and the excitement of running away from Miss Clementina, David did not behave like the hero of "The Happy Life," but left his fair enemy in possession of the field—or rather, the flat—and passed the night in the rooms of his old secretary Martin.

Now it chanced that David had a sister, Mrs. Helen Le Grand—a young widow uncertain whether matrimony or widowhood was the more unsatisfactory. She, like her other brother Gerald, lived in the fashionable world. Helen and Gerald had good hearts, though society—the one generally spelt with a big "S"—had always paralysed them. The sweetness and charm of Sylvia awoke the hearts of both, the result being extremely indirect, for Helen promptly gave her heart to a by no

means attractive young journalist, while Gerald offered his hand to Harriet Leicester, whom he had known for years. David, feeling that Sylvia could not live with two old bachelors, induced Helen to take care of her, and then began to take her to concerts and dances, quite unaware that he was in love with her. It was from Gerald, who took to drink when Harriet refused him, that David learnt what really were his feelings towards Sylvia. The discovery was painful to him, since he believed that Sylvia wished to marry Reynolds. The middle-aged book-lover thought that he ought to arrange a marriage between Reynolds, to whom he had awarded the thousand pounds prize, and Sylvia; so he arranged an engagement between them, which rendered the girl very unhappy, but not more unhappy than David himself. Luckily, Gerald took to farming, temperance, and eating big apples just before supper, and, as a result, discovered the secret of Sylvia and David. So the engagement to Reynolds was ended, and youth and middle-age entered into a holy alliance, with the heartiest wishes of everybody.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE AVENUE.

"Sweet Nancy" has always been presented in a tantalising way to playgoers, since on each occasion accident has interrupted its run. On this occasion at the Avenue perhaps we shall see what are the staying powers of the pretty play which permits Miss Annie Hughes to show how remarkable are her gifts for comedy. She begins the evening by her very clever, though now a little exaggerated, picture of the heroine of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's daring, curious, interesting play, "A Bit of Old Chelsea," and one recognises the actress's sense of character. In "Sweet Nancy" her power of showing actual range of feeling has fuller chance of display, and she clearly proves the fitness of her choice for the part. It seems hardly too much to say that for a certain class of work Miss Hughes stands alone. The first act of "Sweet Nancy" is one of the pieces of dramatic writing that one can see often without getting tired of the play.

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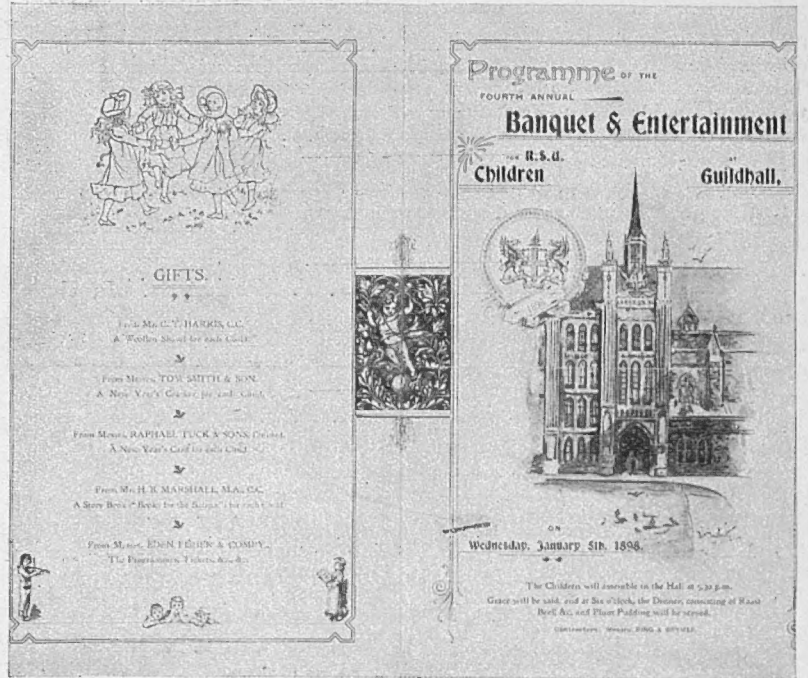
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THE COVER OF THE PROGRAMME.

and 735 lb. of plum-pudding. Besides that, 4000 hampers were sent to poor crippled children. Alderman Treloar is certainly to be congratulated on the success of the charity he has done so much for.

"EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LETTERS."

Mr. Brinley Johnson's collection of "Eighteenth Century Letters" (Innes) is a perfect bit of editing for the polite—that is, the unpedantic—reader. First, there are hardly any notes at all. The information given outside the correspondence is of the meagrest, and, for this, gratitude cannot be too effusive. It is always open to the indolent, says some industrious and learned note-maker, to skip the editor's hardly gathered information. Yes, so it is; but even the indolent man may have a burdensomely active conscience, and there is no comfort in reading a delightful text with obtrusive unread notes staring reproachfully at you on every page or lying in vengeful ambush at the end of the book. Then the selection is delightful, comprising many of Swift's letters to Stella and to some of the notable men and women of his time, showing the terrifying man at his best, the truest and the most dependable of friends. There are a good many from Addison, and there is a delicious bundle from Steele to his Prue, with only a single little admission of Prue's temper: "I wish you would once say you would like a thing because I like it." There never has been such another domestic letter-writer. This is the whole of one epistle: "Your son is now with me, very merry in rags, which condition I am going to better, for he shall have new things immediately. He is extremely pretty, and has his face sweetened with something of the Venus his mother, which is no small delight to the Vulcan who begott him." This is the end of a shorter one: "For thee I dye, for thee I languish." He is contented with little favours from his "dear little peevish beautiful wise governess." She had called him *Good Dick* in a letter, and it "put me in so much rapture that I could forget my present most miserable lameness and walk down to you." Upstairs high spirits, tomfoolery, passionate affection, and doting nonsense are jumbled so as to make it impossible to convict him of either silliness or insincerity. "I send you seven-penn'orth of wall nuts at five a penny, which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being with my whole heart yours, &c.," he writes one day; and the next day's epistle is signed, "Your passionate lover and faithful husband." What were Prue's letters like? It is just as well that, since we should read them with colder eyes than Dick's, they have not remained for us to grow sad over.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SMALL TALK.

The two most popular women in the English-speaking world are, undoubtedly, the Queen of England and the Queen of America, Mrs. McKinley, the wife of the President of the U.S.A., to wit. The new rule that Mrs. McKinley's invitations take precedence over those of everybody else gives her an extraordinary position in point of official superiority; but over and above that she holds the place in the affections of her people. Of the Queen what more shall be said? She is the most wonderful woman living.

Mr. James Welch has recently returned from America, where he was on a visit. Mr. Townsend has entrusted him with the introduction of his famous "Chimmie Fadden" to London audiences, and Mr. Welch is at present engaged in adapting the play to that end. The accompanying photograph is just a little impromptu *jeu d'esprit* of the photographer's, G. R. Rogers, the American Hollyer, to whom Mr. Welch gave some sittings.

What will be the decision, I wonder, with regard to certain proposed structural alterations in Stratford Place? I have seen many expostulations with regard to the spoiling of the general effect of an admirable scheme of architecture carried out in 1775 by the brothers Adam at the instance of Edward Stratford, second Earl of Aldborough, and others, to whom a ground-lease had been granted by the Corporation of London. Not only is Stratford Place notable as a specimen of a uniform style of architecture in a London street, but it is interesting as having had many eminent residents. Elliston the actor lived there in 1822, and some years later Sydney Smith resided at No. 18. Perhaps the most noteworthy

resident, however, was Richard Cosway, R.A., who removed in 1792 from Pall Mall to the south-western corner of Stratford Place. The house had a lion outside, and hardly had the artist taken possession than a pasquinade attributed to "Peter Pindar" was affixed to his door—

When a man to a fair for a show brings
a lion,
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;
But here the old custom reversed is seen,
For the lion's without, and the monkey's
within.

Cosway, the vainest of mortals, was so disgusted that he removed soon after to No. 20, which he fitted up and furnished in so sumptuous a manner that it aroused surprise in those days, when professional men were less lavish in this direction than they are now. At one time his drawing-room, by the way, was graced(?) with a marble sarcophagus, in which was the embalmed body of his daughter. This, however, his wife got rid of, sending the body to Bunhill Fields Cemetery, and the sarcophagus to Nollekens the sculptor.

At length the scaffolding which has existed for weeks or months (I think, since the Jubilee time) at the western side of the entrance to the park at Hyde Park Corner has been removed, and the conundrum which I have heard propounded over and over again as to what they were doing is satisfactorily answered. "What they have been doing" is erecting a new and handsome railing. When this has received a final coat of paint the improvement to the general appearance of this gateway will be very marked. The somewhat insignificant barrier that before existed has been replaced by one very, if not exactly, like the one that fences the courtyard of Apsley House.

Who knows but that some day we may see kiosks for the sale of tea and other light refreshments even in a park where the conservative "George Ranger" rules? I am told that the other authorities would not object.



MR. JAMES WELCH'S IDEA OF A MODERN PLAYWRIGHT, AS
OUT OF THE HOUSE TO STEAL HE STOLE.

Photo by G. R. Rogers, New York.



MRS. MCKINLEY, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the latest Photo taken in the White House Conservatory for the "Ladies' Home Journal."



THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE.

Drawn by S. Bezz, from a Photo by Mary Steen, for the "Illustrated London News."

The School of Arts and Crafts attached to the Art Galleries in Peckham Road, Camberwell, and erected at a cost of £7000, was opened by Sir Edward Poynter on Thursday. The gallery owes its origin largely



to the late Lord Leighton, whom Sir Edward described as an artist in the true sense of the word. The school will be immensely useful, for what this country really wants is thorough handicraftsmen.

By one of the strangest eccentricities of the whirligig of time, the Clericals of Florence, headed by their Cardinal-Archbishop, are preparing to celebrate the fourth centenary of the hanging and burning with public ignominy of the illustrious Dominican Friar Savonarola. A writer has recently adduced this as a proof that "the sentiment of the Roman Catholic Church is quite changed towards him." Surely everyone who treats of such a subject should know that Savonarola's doom was as much political as it was religious. The partisans of the Medici had not forgotten that it was through Savonarola and his adherents the Frateschi that the leaders of the attempt to restore Piero de' Medici had received capital punishment. Of course, the Franciscans were eager to ruin their rival, and as for Alexander VI., little did that Borgia care for his Church. He was only too glad to visit with one blow the liberty-lover.

Among the Friar's sympathisers were some of the most religious and gifted men of the City on the Arno; for instance, Benivieni, the poet and hymn-writer, and his brother, a Canon of Florence. Indeed, a historian, whose work was published towards the middle of the next century at Venice, the refuge of Freethinkers and of the enemies of the Popes, writes: "Many Christians regard him as a martyr and a saint." One of the most striking portraits of Savonarola is the fine etching of the Friar wearing his cowl in the *Life* by Burlamacchi, parts of which are said to be apocryphal. Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Savonarola all paved the way for the Reformer of coarser fibre, Martin Luther, and his associates. Of course, the figure of Savonarola loomed large in George Eliot's "*Romola*," and he gave both theme and title-character to one of Professor Villiers Stanford's operas.

The dinner given by his townsmen in memory of the birth of David Macbeth Moir (who was born on Jan. 5, 1786) was a very interesting affair, and a timely recognition of his real merit as a writer. "*The Autobiography of Mansie Waugh, the Tailor of Dalkeith*," makes "*Delta*" still popular, though the great mass of his work has, I fear, been forgotten. His work as a medical man was humane in the highest degree. He is said to have been the favourite author of the Empress Frederick in girlhood. One can easily understand this, for there was a homeliness and a kindness in all he wrote that would appeal to the Princess, reared as she was in the homeliest way. His death, in 1851, was due to his having sat all night in wet clothes at the bedside of a patient.



THE HOUSE AT MUSSELBURGH WHERE "*DELTA*" WAS BORN.

Certain friends of mine who are interested in the study of the dance have been calling my attention to the fact that in pantomime this year dancing is remarkably bad. I have not been to very many pantomimes, partly because I am a busy man and partly because I have not a very strong constitution; but I am able to confirm the opinion of my friends and to offer an opinion upon the cause of their complaints. The careless and often graceless dancing seen on the modern pantomime stage is due in large measure to the centralisation of the work. A man starts a troupe of dancers, their efforts command success; he at once starts half-a-dozen other troupes, over whose training he has little or no time to spare; they shelter themselves in the name of their employer and bring grist to his mill, even though they fail to gladden the hearts of people who happen to have some idea of what dancing should be like. Then, again, the question of good looks is overrated. A pretty face cannot do much to atone for bad dancing, although, of course, if I have to look at somebody who cannot dance, I am grateful to find a face more attractive than the movements of the body it is attached to.

After all, it is not unnatural that the average pantomime should be lacking in some of the elements that are demanded from the average stage-play. If without hurting the feelings of anybody I might write of some arrangements I have witnessed a week or so before pantomimes are produced, I could raise a large smile. Some managers of minor pantomime houses wait to the last moment to secure their chorus and ballet. They argue that by doing so they can make better terms with the people who see themselves confronted with the risk of being "out of a shop." This clever device sometimes enables a manager to save a few shillings a week, and sometimes it leaves him without his necessary numbers. Then he rushes about from one provider to another, and often finishes by paying more than he need have paid. There is a general tendency this year to cut down the salaries of ballet, chorus, and show ladies, and in this matter more than one house has departed from its old traditions. This is to be regretted, for the work is fatiguing and almost without interest, and the pay at best is very small, considering the frequent performances and the long rehearsals.

Dr. Theodor Herzl is a busy man. Not only does he direct the cosmopolitan Zionist movement and fulfil an important post on the editorial staff of the *Neue Frei Presse*, but he finds time to write successful comedies, and means to get them produced in Vienna, despite Anti-Semitism. His latest piece, "*The New Ghetto*," was produced at the Carl Theatre, in Vienna, on Wednesday night. The book, for Dr. Herzl publishes his plays, is dedicated to Dr. Max Nordau, and the plot of the piece contains an attack upon all Jews who foster money-making as an ideal to the detriment of every nobler sentiment. Dr. Herzl is an uncompromising essayist, lecturer, and playwright. What he has to say is said with remarkable disregard of the susceptibilities of people who have no claim to his consideration; and though this fierce independence leads occasionally to ill-will and bad blood, it is very refreshing, and must be placed to the writer's credit. It is pleasant to reflect, too, that, if the Children of Israel do return to Jerusalem, they will at least have a dramatist to hand at once, and will be able to institute a theatre without delay.



DAVID MACBETH MOIR.
From the Bust by Brodie.

The landmarks of the Strand are indeed disappearing. For many years past a newspaper-boy with head of gigantic proportions has vended his wares in the vicinity of St. Mary's Church. He was at his corner as usual late on Saturday night, but in the early hours of Monday morning was found in a dying condition in New Church Court, and he died in King's College Hospital five hours later. The examination of his body revealed some extraordinary things, not the least being that he has surpassed all men of genius in the possession of eighty ounces of brains. He does not seem to have shared many of the benefits of this world, but he is now famous, and in future anatomical books the name of Stephen Wheeler, the London newspaper-boy, will be placed higher in the list of brainy men than Baron Cuvier with his sixty-five ounces.

The numerous admirers of Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bouchier), whose health has not been robust since she returned, invalided, some months ago from her American tour, will be glad to learn that this clever lady may now be considered quite a convalescent. It is to be hoped that ere long she will be seen again upon the London boards. I understand that Mr. Arthur Bouchier is not disinclined to venture once again upon the sea of theatrical management, provided he can secure a theatre which, in his opinion, would offer a fair field for such an enterprise. Those who remember with pleasure the bright and amusing plays which were produced under the Bouchier régime at the rejuvenated Royalty, will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Mr. Bouchier has found what he requires.

A swarm of locusts is usually of an enormous size, covering a tract of country ten and sometimes twelve miles square. When on the wing, they are like a vast cloud, and sometimes they are so thick as to obscure the brilliant sun. Not infrequently, trains are stopped by them. They settle on the line and get on the metals, and they are so numerous that there is no space left for the engine - wheels to grip. Should this happen on any of the steep gradients which characterise the mountainous regions of Cape Colony, the effect is serious, for, while the engine may be puffing at full speed, the crushing of the locusts makes the metals so greasy that the train actually loses ground and slips back.

Your remarks on the methods of the stamp-collector (writes a correspondent)

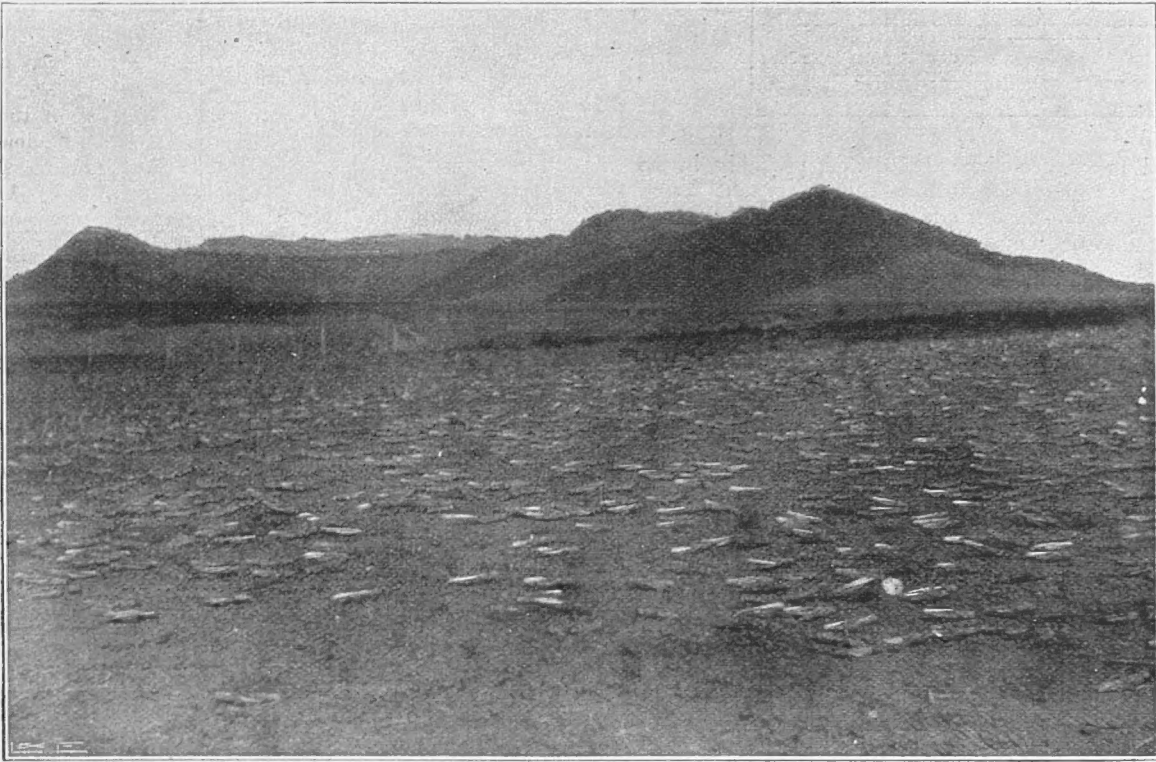
prompt me to offer you an experience of last week. I found awaiting me at the club a packet carefully done up in wax-cloth and bearing the post-mark of a town I ultimately discovered to be a small port in Eastern Siberia. "Four-and-six was to pay," said the hall-porter, "and I hope it's all right, sir." I hoped so too, for I have no acquaintances in Eastern Siberia. I refunded the man his four-and-six and opened the packet. When, under the wax-cloth, I found Russian

stamps—of course, free from defacement—I felt injured; but when I opened the covering which bore the labels and found a note from a man I never heard of before asking me to kindly forward those stamps to another total stranger "who is an ardent collector," and further discovered that the contents of the packet did not concern me, but were only sent to my care on behalf of a globe-trotting acquaintance who was beyond reach of post-offices, I realised what is meant by adding insult to injury.

Overheard at the Academy private view: First Speaker, "Who's that man with the long white beard?" Second Speaker, "Oh! that's Mr. Mundella." First Speaker, "But it can't be, because Mr. Mundella died some months ago." Second Speaker, "Of

course; I meant Mr. Childers." First Speaker seems satisfied, but listener knows that Mr. Childers died some years ago and that the gentleman in question is Mr. Thomas of *Graphic* fame.

John Bull in the China-shop is giving the world some jealous twinges. I do not think Germany can check him by such a vessel as the *Deutschland*, but the Kaiser's loyal subjects are proud of her.



A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.



THE GERMAN WARSHIP "DEUTSCHLAND" IN THE KIEL CANAL ON ITS WAY TO CHINA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX SCHLOSS, KIEL.

I usually expect my friends on the other side of the Atlantic to be thoroughly up to date. Here is a case in which one of their best journals, the *Chicago Tribune*—a paper, by the way, which I read every day—is some thirty-eight years behind the time. It devotes a whole page to a description of Nice, referring to it in its headlines as an "Italian city."

NICE, THE PARADISE OF FASHION, AND ITS GAY SOCIETY.

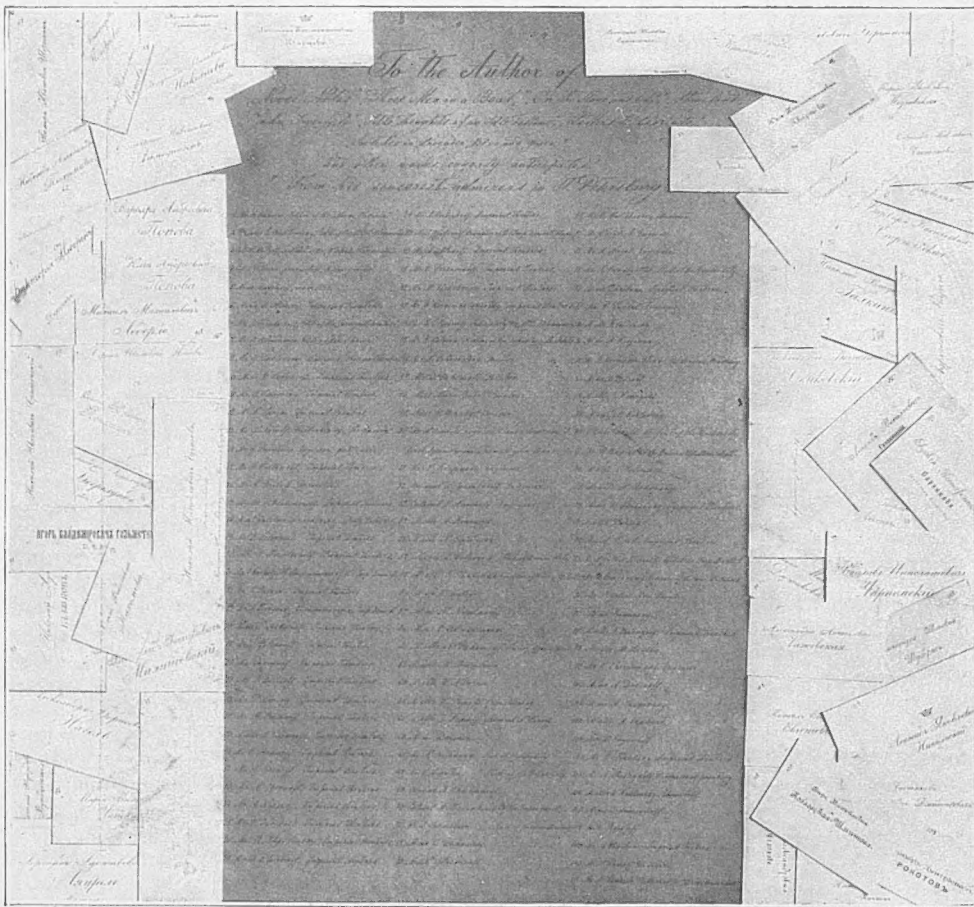
Marie Jonreau Writes of Beautiful Costumes and Notable People Seen on the Boulevards and at Social Gatherings in the Italian City.

Now, Nice has belonged to France since 1860, and probably in no place in Europe, outside of Italy, do you feel so little a sense of being in an Italian atmosphere as in Nice. Nice is now essentially a French town, with all the elements of "push" and "go" and comfortable development that characterises France as contrasted with Italy.

Last Wednesday, while *The Sketch* was looking forward to its sixth birthday, the *Aberdeen Journal* celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, issuing a facsimile of No. 1—dated "From Tuesday, December 29, 1747, to Tuesday, January 5, 1748"—and a detailed history of the paper in the regular issue, which included a letter of congratulation from the Queen. The *Journal*, I happen to know, used to be regarded as rather weary and out of date. Politically, it is still Conservative; but under the editorship of Mr. David Pressly it has revived enormously in point of giving good news. The provincial editor, as a general rule, is merely a political leader writer, who leaves the procuring and selection of news to the chief reporter and the sub-editor. Mr. Pressly, however, has gone into this matter himself, with the result that he is making an interesting paper. Its "London Letter," however, might be improved. In this respect its rival, the *Free Press*, is immensely superior. Its London correspondent is Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, who contributes one of the best letters I see in any provincial journal, even if it is rather too political at a time when politics are as dead as a door-nail.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has received a unique Christmas card from some St. Petersburg friends and admirers. Madame Jarintzoff, in sending the card, writes him—

Certainly you understand that it would be simply impossible to send you in that way the expression of sympathy from all your admirers in St. Petersburg; if all of them knew of the device and would be allowed to join us, then surely there would be no place for that Christmas card in your house! As it is, I had just to mention about it among our friends, and the idea instantly flew through many circles, and reached the theatres, and in a few days I received more cards than I could use in trying not to be too plump with our feelings. Please notice that everyone knew the strict and inevitable condition—*perfect sincerity*. You can see from all this how right we were to tell you in the summer that the moral success of your books is enormous here; all these persons (and several hundred more in St. Petersburg) have them—and love them, notwithstanding the general small amount of book-buyers with us.



A CHRISTMAS CARD TO MR. JEROME FROM HIS RUSSIAN ADMIRERS.

Professor W. Hall Griffin, whose lantern-lectures on Browning and other English poets have latterly attracted much attention, from their skilful arrangement and first-hand materials, is now, I am told, engaged upon an important work dealing with Robert Browning. Professor Griffin spent part of last summer rambling in the "Sordello" country and staying with the poet's son, Robert Barrett Browning; hence his forthcoming book, which he hopes to publish during the next autumn season. It will contain forty illustrations, and in its composition Professor Griffin will further make use of an almost priceless present which he received from the late Benjamin Jowett, namely, the original "yellow book" whence Browning drew "The Ring and the Book."



WHERE BURNS WROTE "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

This is the chair in which Burns is said to have written "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The chair belongs to the Mayer Free Library, at Bebington, in Cheshire, and was purchased by the founder, the late Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., of Liverpool, about forty years ago. Attached to it is a label bearing this inscription—

Dumfries, Friday, June 2-, 1843.

This is an arm-chair that formed part of the furniture of the parlour of the Scottish poet during his lifetime.

(Signed) ROBERT BURNS,
Eldest son of the poet.

My contributor, Mr. S. L. Bensusan, is to be congratulated on the plucky way in which he is editing the *Jewish World*, which is shortly going to appear in a cover. Mr. Bensusan, by applying the journalistic instinct to Jewry, is turning out a bright paper, which is not overweighted too seriously by his Zionistic programme, on which he writes elsewhere in this issue. He belongs to that small group of young Jewish enthusiasts of whom Mr. Zangwill is the bright particular star, and his knowledge of the subject is vast, for he has travelled in the East and has been associated with Jewish scholars from boyhood.

The other Sunday morning, I happened to be in Coventry Street, when a girl, who was evidently an actress, summoned a hansom within a few yards of "Gentleman Joe's" old rank. She had to catch a train immediately, and not a cab was in sight. The hansom was a private one, but the young man who owned it gallantly offered to take the girl anywhere, and, shouldering up her "props," which included the inevitable basket, he gaily rode off with her to Paddington. The act was done with such old-fashioned courtesy that I went home and wrote this little sermon—which was better for me than listening to one—

Whatever be said, yet Romance is not dead;
He merely has changed his disguises;
He carries no lance in the hope of a chance
Of the tournament's trumpery prizes;
But his heart is as good as the goodliest gold,
Like the gallants of yore, who are laid in the mould,
Who were recklessly brave
In their efforts to save
A maid who was ever left out in the cold.

He does not assail in a visor and mail,
Nor rides he a-horse to the ransom;
His coat is a "frock," and he puffs at a Bock
As he lounges in state in his hansom.
In fact, he's a regular Gentleman Joe;
Wherever he wanders he's never *de trop*;
He's ready to aid
Any kind of a maid
Wherever it happens she wishes to go.

More often, indeed, is his rescuing steed
The bicycle shiny and slender.
He acts as the squire to a maiden whose tyre
Is fickle and false (like her gender).
Whenever the sun is intent upon flight
Her gallant dismounts to afford her a light;
And the maid in distress
Will undoubtedly bless
This beautiful, dutiful bicycle knight.

Romance? Why he's flourishing still
As he did in the days that are past;
Perhaps he can't trill, but he knows how to thrill,
And his magic is likely to last,
Just the same as when fully cuirassed.

Mr. Frank de Jong is to produce "Bootles' Baby" in Cape Town. Mr. de Jong will follow this up with a series of London's latest comedies.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie has lately received two very interesting presents. The first arrived just before Christmas, in the shape of an exceedingly beautiful silver cup, sent by Messrs. Cyril Maude and J. M. Barrie, in recognition of the charming music composed for that highly successful play, "The Little Minister." On one side of the cup is engraved a scene from the play; on the other, the bars of music that may be said to represent "The Little Minister" motif. The second present, even more unique in kind, was sent by Dr. Villiers Stanford on New Year's Day, and is of great and special interest, being the original score, handsomely bound, of his "Requiem," lately performed in Queen's Hall (and, I believe, for the first time in London) by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, whose interpretation gave the composer great satisfaction, and reflected the greatest credit on their Principal, who had worked hard for a success.

If the existing state of things continue, it seems probable that the literature of Belgium, in a national sense, will soon have to be considered an ancient literature. For some years past the Belgian writers of the new school, headed by M. Picard, discouraged by the indifference of the Belgian public, have made numerous contributions to French magazines, and notably to the *Mercur de France*. But the exodus from Belgium is now assuming a more serious aspect, for MM. Ivan Gilkin and Valère Gille, whose works have hitherto been published in Brussels, have just entrusted their latest books to the Paris publisher Fischbacher; and, further, it is announced that the three contributors to the *Jeune Belgique*, MM. Cartuyvel, de Croisset, and Cantel, are leaving Belgium. These writers, exasperated by the insufficient recognition which is accorded to prophets in their country, are going to reside in Paris, where, no doubt, they will receive a welcome in literary circles.



MR. J. T. GREIN.
Photo by Bull, Regent Street, S.W.

Mr. J. T. Grein, of Independent Theatre fame, has become the dramatic critic of the *Sunday Special*. Mr. Grein is a Dutchman and yet an enthusiast—a rare combination, I think.

Jules Verne has completed a tale of adventure called "Le Sphinx des Glaces." In France Jules Verne is considered a worthy successor of Edgar Allan Poe. He tells the story of how Poe's works filled him with admiration, and how he first derived his own inspiration for romantic story-telling from the genius of the great American novelist. It is a question if the stories of Edgar Allan Poe are not even more popular in France than either in England or America, thanks to the admirable translations of Baudelaire. Jules Verne in his latest work reveals to what extent he has been influenced by Poe. In "Le Sphinx des Glaces" Jules Verne has taken up and continued the story of the hapless Arthur Gordon Pym, and thereby has virtually put himself in the place of Poe. "Le Sphinx des Glaces" is very prettily illustrated in colours by Georges Roux.

French bibliomania has just lost a good opportunity of enriching their collections of rare books. The library of a late Parisian publisher has just been sold at Bordeaux for the ridiculous price of three thousand francs. Among the books were about two thousand volumes (first editions) with the authors' signatures. The famous work of Charles Nodier, "Les Portes de Fer," among others, which is usually sold for five hundred francs, was knocked down for thirty-one francs.

The English translation of "Le Désastre," a military novel by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are to publish, shows war as seen by officers. General Margueritte, the father of the authors, was mortally wounded at Sedan. Victor Margueritte himself also took part in the war. "Le Désastre" is the first of a series of three novels. The two sequels will be "Les Tronçons du Glaive," dealing with the National Defence in 1870-71, and "La Commune," a story of Paris in 1871. The work of translation is being done by Mr. Frederic Lees, who will also write an introductory memoir.

Apropos of Mrs. Oliphant's remarks in her "Annals of the House of Blackwood" as to the mistake of John Blackwood in respect to Samuel Warren's "The Lily and the Bee," Mr. Samuel Kinnear furnishes the *Scotsman* with some interesting reminiscences concerning the production of that work. Tons of fine toned paper were ordered; a large new font of type was used for the work, glorified with an electrotype facing of silver. Warren appeared in the printing office, in pursuit of proofs. "He was a gentleman rather under the middle size, with a nice bland face and manner, and seemed to my youthful inquiring eyes about forty-five years of age. He was a very highly developed, self-pleased Tory,

his thoughts of the humble being very humble indeed. Alas, alas! all this energy, thoughtfulness, and expense went for nothing. Warren's pet fell to the ground with what Edinburgh folks in the olden time called a 'dunch,' and enjoyed but one little bleat, then ended its short but expensive career."

Mr. Aubrey FitzGerald, who is at present playing the cad Vivian in "The Happy Life" at the Duke of York's Theatre, is an Irishman, and is twenty-two years of age. Brought up in the depths of County Kerry, twelve miles from a railway station, he had not much opportunity of studying dramatic art; nor have any of his friends or relations been connected with the stage in any way before him. Yet two of his ancestors, at least, played important parts (in real life) in a tragedy which has since been handed down to posterity, namely, the tragedy of the Colleen Bawn. It was Mr. FitzGerald's grandfather (the Rev. Richard FitzGerald) and his cousin (the Knight of Glin, then chief magistrate of the county) who were instrumental in bringing the murderer of this famous heroine to justice, and, by an extraordinary coincidence, Mr. FitzGerald has many times played Danny Mann, the self-same villain that his grandfather many years before him identified in Tralee Jail and eventually brought to the gallows. Mr. FitzGerald's first engagement in London was in "The Gay Widow," at the Court Theatre, playing Walworth Mumby; and shortly after, hearing that Mr. Pinero was scouring London for a man who "looked an ass but wasn't," Mr. FitzGerald immediately presented himself at the Comedy Theatre, and was engaged at once by Mr. Comyns Carr to create the part of Claude Emptage in "The Benefit of the Doubt." He has since figured in "Mrs. Ponderbury," "A Night Out," "Newmarket," "The Passport," "Solomon's Twins," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Lear," and "Belle Belair," and he will presently go to the Court for "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" in which he will play one of those delightful little character-sketches in which Mr. Pinero excels himself.



MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD.
Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

London has not often welcomed so cordially and accepted so promptly a new pianist, coming alone and unpuffed, with only Continental honours upon her, as it greeted Miss Ella Pancéra, the young Viennese lady, this season. She arrived in May, and played first at the Steinway Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Cavour, at her own concert. After a few appearances in the early summer, she left for Scotland, and, after playing in the large towns, was "commanded" to play at Balmoral. Here her experiences were somewhat unique. She had sent in a list of twelve classical pieces that the Queen might select a couple of favourites. Behold, when she reached the Castle, and sat down, after dining there,

at ten o'clock to the piano, a Gentleman-in-Waiting intimated that her Majesty desired to hear the whole programme from beginning to end. This might have overwhelmed some artists, whether as a compliment or as a muscular feat; not so Miss Pancéra. From ten o'clock till after 11.30 the beautiful Blüthner piano did her bidding, and after nearly every item the Queen called the young pianist to her and talked graciously, with that musical insight and knowledge for which she is noted, about the compositions, her style, and her training. A great triumph awaited Miss Pancéra when she returned to London. At her own orchestral concert in St. James's Hall she gave no less than three concertos, and, when the excellent band mopped its brow and gasped in exhaustion, the lady rose



MISS ELLA PANCÉRA.
Photo by Alferi, Willesden, Green.

from her instrument as fresh as possible. The almost masculine power of her playing robs it of no tenderness or grace, and she can interpret the most poetic and fantastic of Grieg's ballades as sympathetically as the weighty masterpieces of Beethoven, so that her performance is quite free from monotony.

The more I hear about elephants, the lower do I feel inclined to rate their vaunted intelligence. A few weeks ago, the populace of a small town near Madras were frightened out of their wits and into their houses by a runaway elephant, which broke from his mahout's control and stampeded, in a state of insane alarm, caused by the pattering of rain-drops on his rider's umbrella; if nobody was killed, it was no fault of the elephant. It is extraordinary how little frightens the animals.

An Indian civilian of my acquaintance tells a story which I always understood to be against himself, but which, by the light of later knowledge, seems to be against the elephant. When "out in the district," soon after his arrival in Burma, he grew tired of riding the beast, which also carried his servants and impedimenta, so bought a pony in one of the villages to which duty took him. Mindful of equine weaknesses, he was careful to ascertain that the pony was not afraid of elephants, but he never thought of inquiring whether the elephant was afraid of ponies. Early next morning he despatched his baggage and servants per elephant, with orders to halt for lunch at a hamlet ten miles distant, and, having finished his work, followed on the pony. When a mile or so from the halting-place, he saw the elephant hunching along the road, and trotted on to hurry up the mahout. As he approached, the man, a phlegmatic Burman, began to shout and gesticulate wildly; the civilian and his Bengali servants knew no Burmese, and the Burman knew no tongue but his own, but the civilian guessed that something was amiss, and, pressing his pony harder to ascertain what, was amazed to see the elephant start off at speed. Three times did the mahout succeed in stopping him after a race of a mile or two, and three times did that puzzled and thirsty civilian trot up and

frighten the brute off again. Finally, the mahout, who seems to have been the most intelligent of the three, turned his charge off the road on to swampy ground, and, thus shaking off pursuit, ploughed his way back to the appointed halting-place, where an interpreter was found to explain matters.

Yet another submarine boat has been invented, this time by a Chatham Dockyard man, who is said to have sent plans and drawings to the Admiralty. It has a number of new and peculiar features, and it is claimed that it can stay under water for a week if necessary, replenishing the air-supply without coming to the surface. The boat is in three sections, the bow and stern portions containing the offensive appliances, and, if deemed advisable, the centre section, which contains the living and sleeping quarters, can drop the other two and return in safety by itself,



THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

though why it should want to do this does not seem quite clear. The boat is intended mainly for attaching mines to the enemy's vessels, and not for torpedoes, and its uses include submarine surveying and photography. If the secret be well kept, the supremacy of the British Navy should be assured for a long time to come.

I notice an amusing letter from Messrs. Sampson Low to the *Daily Chronicle*, calling in question the worth of a review in the columns of that journal. The publishers meet the unfavourable character of that review by the retort that certain other journals which they name have given reviews of a quite different character, and from these reviews they make quotations. The editor of the *Chronicle* very rightly says that each review must stand on its own merits. That is so, of course; but the public must take into consideration not merely the general capacity of the paper in other particulars, but the general tone of its reviews from day to day and from week to week. Some papers, otherwise of the highest quality, are managed with a singular incompetency in their literary department. A case in point is the *Manchester Guardian*, which publishes hundreds of columns of reviews per annum, but, it is obvious, has on its staff not one single competent critic.

There is a good deal said now and again regarding the nationality of the Commander-in-Chief. It would appear, however, that Lord Wolseley does not greatly concern himself with the fact that he is of Irish birth. A few years ago he wrote to a North Country admirer—

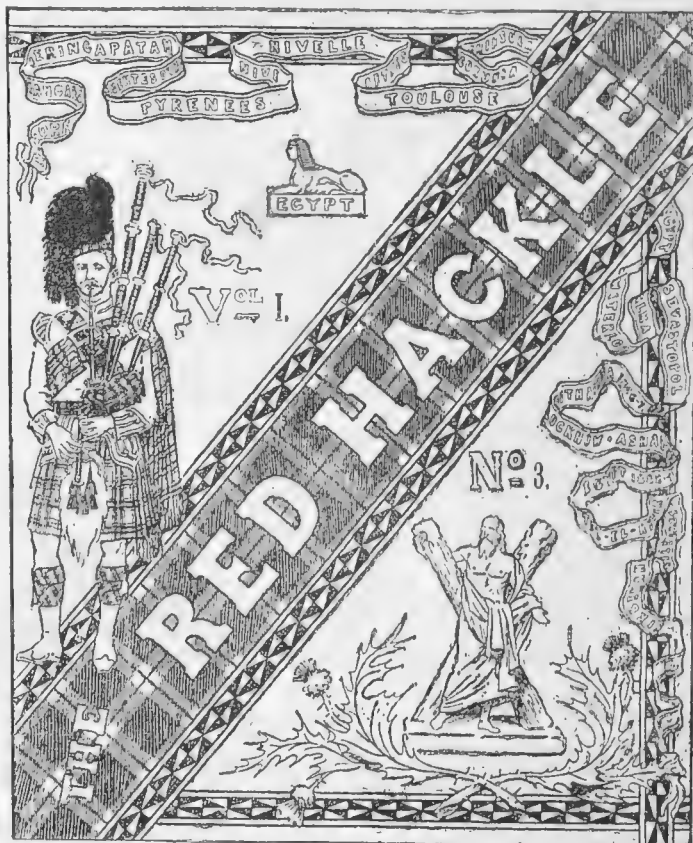
I am afraid I cannot lay claim to have a drop of Irish blood in my body, and my grandfather was the first of my belongings who was born in Ireland. We are a Staffordshire family, and come from Wolseley, where we have been for at least three or four centuries before the conquest of England. I am very fond of Ireland and of the Irish people, among whom I was brought up. I have been very little there, however, since I was a boy. My family's connection with Ireland began (Lord Wolseley concluded) with a Colonel Wolseley who fought in the Protestant North and won some hard-fought battles there, as you will find in Macaulay's History of 1689-90. Our Irish property is, however, I am sorry to say, in Wexford, Carlow, and County Dublin.

The Duchess of Fife opened the new Technical School at Brighton on Saturday with a beautiful key made of eighteen carat gold. The head was trefoil in shape, surmounted by the coronet of the Duchess. Inside, in the upper portion, was a vesica-shape, within which in proper colours the arms of her Royal Highness figured, the motto being given on an enamelled ribbon at the sides. On a fancy shield beneath the arms of Brighton were enamelled, while between these sets of arms were emblazoned art and industry. The head was connected by an acanthus leaf ornament to the stem, which was richly fluted and decorated with suitable mouldings, while its ward took the shape of the letter "F." The key was a credit to its designers and makers, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.



I think that the publication of regimental journals is a step in the direction of really ameliorating the condition of Tommy, without which no effective army reform is possible. Thus I welcome the *Red Hackle*, which is published by the Black Watch. It is a twenty-four page quarto, "price annas two." The number before me has been printed at Lahore. It is full of interesting facts. Thus I learn that fifteen thousand kilts are made for the Highland regiments every year, and a man gets a new one only once in two years. The *Red Hackle*, speaking of the Gordons at Dargai, says they "have added one more laurel to Scotia's Crown," and the Black Watch "sent a telegram complimenting the G.G.'s on their bravery and success," and received a letter from them returning thanks for the good wishes. The *Red Hackle* even quotes *The Sketch*!

The name of the journal is, of course, derived from the red hackle worn in the feather bonnet by the old "Forty-and-two," this distinction having been given them by George III. for their conduct at Guilder-malsen in 1795. The Black Watch are very proud of this, as all the other Highland regiments have white hackles; and the Forty-twos are further distinguished by wearing the hackles in their pith helmets when on foreign service, being, I believe, the only regiment in the British Army so favoured. In this connection I may mention one or two peculiarities of other regiments. The Grenadier Guards wear a white tuft in the bearskin (sometimes called a "shaving-brush"), but have a red band round the forage-cap; the Coldstream Guards have a red tuft, and, strangely enough, a white band round the forage-cap; whereas the Scots Guards have no tuft at all. The Grenadiers wear their tuft on the left side; the Coldstream have theirs on the right. Then the Northumberland Fusiliers are proud of being the only Fusilier regiment wearing a plume, all other corps of the kind having only the brass grenade in the front of the busby. As is the case with the Black Watch, the Fusiliers won this distinction on the battle-field, for at St. Vigie they took enough white plumes from the French Grenadiers to decorate the whole regiment. When in 1829 the Line regiments were ordered to wear a white feather, the "Fighting Fifth" were granted permission to wear one of red and white, and this plume is still worn.



COVER OF THE BLACK WATCH REGIMENTAL JOURNAL.

The Gordon Highlanders in wax! Here is how they figure at Madame Tussaud's, as I described at some length last week. The model is well worth seeing.

The inhabitants of Dover are watching with much interest the shaft-sinking works being carried out on Shakspeare's Cliff by the Kent Coalfields Syndicate. They had their doubts, of course, for a time, like the rest of us. Now, however, the doubting period has been passed, and they confidently expect, by the time the great national harbour is built and her Majesty's big battleships come to anchor there, they will be able to supply them with serviceable coals almost out of their own gardens, as it were. Should the expectation be realised to the full, there is a future in store for the town which will give it a still more important place in English history than it has enjoyed in the past.

The borings, however, carried on under the hopeful supervision of Mr. Brady, of Channel Tunnel fame, resulted satisfactorily enough. Down to 1157 feet nothing particularly encouraging was met with, but during the next thousand feet the boring tool passed through no less than ten valuable coal-beds (I am told by that excellent publication which Mr. J. B. Jones sends me—the "Dover Year-Book") of an aggregate thickness of 21 ft. 11 in., not counting seams less than a foot in thickness. At 2300 feet a seam four feet in thickness was met with, and there operations, naturally enough, ceased. A seam four feet thick, supposing it extends for any distance inland, or under the sea, as at Whitehaven, is good enough even for the most sceptical. The aggregate of twenty-one feet alone might not tempt the knowing ones; but, with a seam four feet thick in the distance, the



DOVER COLLIERY, FROM THE CLIFF.
Reproduced from the "Dover Year-Book."

aggregate seams become important, as, with the profits from the bigger seam, it would be worth while working them. The four-foot seam would probably yield about four million tons to the square mile, and, with the yield from the aggregate seams, the Dover colliers might reasonably hope to supply her Majesty's Navy. The prospect is encouraging.

I find (writes a correspondent) a statement in your journal to the effect that Mr. Lang has been boasting to his readers in *Longman's Magazine* that he dismissed some seven volumes of poetry—all of them presentation copies—into the waste-paper basket within two days. I do not question Mr. Lang's right to get rid of books which are sent to him in any way he pleases, but I would question the good taste of his boasting that these books have gone into his waste-paper basket. I have no doubt Gifford, in an earlier period, could have made the same boast. It would be interesting to know how many prominent critics of the period treated volumes of Shelley and Keats in the same way. I am certain, in any case, that Browning's "Pauline" went into more than one waste-paper basket. If we think of the amount of longing and heart-ache which, in all probability, have gone to the production of each of these separate volumes, when we think that the writers may, perhaps, like the three Brontë sisters, have spent nearly all the money they possessed in publishing one or other of them, I think it may be conceded that, while it is not right to praise what is not good, it is certainly not desirable that critics, however eminent, should treat the meanest of verse-makers in so contemptuous a fashion as Mr. Lang's not very gentlemanly paragraph inclines one to suspect him of doing. We expect better manners from a Fellow of Merton.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI. MODELLED IN WAX AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.
SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH" (BY PERMISSION) BY MESSRS. BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Mr. George Edwardes's "In Town" company are proving wonderfully successful across the Atlantic. People are in raptures over Miss Minnie Hunt's charming vocalisation, Miss Marie Studholme's "refined and delicate beauty," Miss Maud Hobson's majesty, Miss Rosie Boote's skill as "a dancing whirlwind," Mr. Louis Bradfield's talent as a comedian, and Miss Florence Lloyd's brightness as Lord Clanside. I have also read some curious remarks about the relative merits of English-made coats and trousers, and in this connection it is observed that Miss Florence Lloyd, as Lord Clanside, demonstrates the fact that "at least some English trousers are perfect in their fit." A neat way of paying a compliment, isn't it? And very flattering both to Miss Lloyd and to her tailor.

The second edition of "The Circus Girl" was not launched with any souvenirs, but some new numbers were introduced, and we got some new-comers. The best new item is the doll song by Miss Katie Seymour and Mr. Payne, who remain as before the backbone of the show. Miss Elsie Cook undertakes with success the difficult task of filling Miss Ellaline Terriss's shoes, and Miss Maidie Hope takes Miss Ethel Haydon's place with no little charm. "The Circus Girl" is still a bright, sparkling entertainment, and is admirably done, like everything at the Gaiety.

How long will people wait at a theatre? Well, I happen to know that the first to arrive at the gallery-entrance of the Lyceum on Saturday week were a young couple from a little up-country town in the Cape Colony. They had heard of the interest attaching to a "Lyceum first-night," and had determined, come what may, to witness the initial performance of "Peter the Great." So, armed with a big bundle of literature—including *The Sketch*, the *Cape Mercury*, and the *Kaffrarian Watchman*—a thick rug (to sit on), and a basket of "scoff," containing something more appetising and stimulating than "biltong" and "Cape smoke," these young people, at about half-past eleven, made themselves as snug as possible on the top step (below the pay-box) of the gallery-stairs. And there they remained until the doors were opened at half-past seven! They assure me that the time passed pleasantly enough, although they confess that the last hour seemed thrice as long as its predecessors. When the doors *did* open, this young couple were so cramped that, for a minute or two, they could scarcely hobble. An hour or two after my young friends' arrival, the gallery-stairs were well filled, and a lady street-vocalist, with a singularly strident voice, dropped in during the afternoon and helped to break the monotony. But the lady from the Cape sorely missed her customary cup of tea, and wonders at the want of enterprise of the local shopkeepers in failing to send along a supply of that cheering beverage.

Since the departure of Mr. Richard Ganthony for America, his part of the villainous Chim Fang in "The Cat and the Cherub," at the



MISS FAY DAVIS IN "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Royalty, has been taken up by that versatile actor Mr. Julian Cross, who has lately been playing the Rajah with Mr. Albert Chevalier in "The Land of Nod." Last pantomime season Mr. Cross was the Baron in "Cinderella" at the Pavilion Theatre.

This photograph is interesting as being that of the first motor-car employed for advertising a place of entertainment. Sitting in it will be



THE "SCARLET FEATHER" MOTOR-CAR.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

observed Mr. G. H. Snazelle and Mr. Lawrence, two members of the company of the Shaftesbury Theatre, and Mr. Harry Musgrove, who is shortly returning to Australia to arrange a tour of the Australian cricketers, commencing in England, thence to Paris, and ending in South Africa. The adventures of this motor-car would require a William Black to chronicle; twice has it been "wrecked," and the "crew" been compelled to take to the train to fulfil their engagements in "The Scarlet Feather," and frequently has it come to grief in far-off districts. The company that runs these cars is going to fight a test case that will depend greatly on how the judges construe the new Highways Act as applied to motors. Briefly, the case is this: A van-horse was frightened by a motor, shied across the road, and collided with a vehicle, damaging the latter and its driver. The owner of the damaged vehicle and the driver of it are suing the Motor-Car Company for compensation, and the case is one of those that will delight the hearts of the lawyers.

I have been amused to read that the Théâtre Antoine management propose to revive "Romeo and Juliet" before long, "according to the true Shaksperian tradition." What on earth do they know about "the true Shaksperian tradition" in Paris?

Barnum's "Olympia" claims to be fire-proof. The managers have erected four asbestos screens, measuring 130 feet by 90 feet each, and they claim that nothing can be freer in every possible way from all danger of fire than their great show.

It was a plucky action on the part of the Lyric Stage Academy to give a public entertainment in the third term of its existence, but the recent matinée at Daly's was a pronounced success. Pupils of the various professors sang pluckily and well; students of "Professor" Willie Warde danced in manner creditable to their master; there was also an exhibition of fencing by the pupils of Captain Chiosso. The item of the programme to call for special attention and praise was the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" by the pupils of Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson, of Empire fame. This gifted lady, whose many talents one and all admire, has managed to impart some *souçon* of her own splendid stage methods to her pupils, with the result that they walk and stand still without the obvious pose of the untamed amateur. I congratulate the Lyric Stage Academy in general and Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson in particular upon a happy result of hard work, and look forward with pleasure to the next appearance in public of the pupils.

The curious disappearance of the actor who was playing the part of Father Maxime in "La Poupée," as piloted round the country by Mr. E. Lockwood, has resulted in a lift for Mr. A. Burdett, who rose to the occasion in every way, and fills the part of the monk admirably.



MISS SARAH BROOKE AS MRS. COKE IN 'THE LIARS,' AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE DRUMTOCHTY OF DREAMLAND.

Photographs by Barrington MacGregor.

An odd but very natural confusion has arisen from "Ian Maclaren's" appropriation of the name of a real place for the scene of his wonderful life-studies, and this seems to have been increased by the accident of my



THE KELPIES' STAIRS IN ANNAHAR GLEN.

dating a story-book from Drumtochty. Writing to me in March 1896, Mr. Watson says: "I thought I had invented the word, but for some time I have known that I am not an inventor, but only a poacher. I am glad . . . to express my debt for the use of a name which, I hope, has not been soiled in the using." Well,

He that filches from me my good name,

Drumtochty might say (and so on), were it not for "Ian's" most honourable use thereof; and I, for one, am glad in turn that it has "enriched" him. It does seem a wee bit *contraire*, however, that the better-known place should be but *magni nominis umbra*, while that of Dreamland is a concrete locality, with a real ancient castle (not *concrete*, but stone and brick) of its own, in Kincardineshire, not far south of Stonehaven, and seven or eight miles from the sea. It is a manor in the parish of Fordoun, whence John de Fordoun, the father of Scottish history, took his name, and is first mentioned in a royal charter, dated Nov. 12, 1440, confirming John de Rates de Fokthes in possession of the lands of "Drumtokty" for life, with succession to Sir Andrew de Ogilby of Inchmartin. In subsequent documents the name is spelt with many variations, such as "Drumtocte," "Droomtochtie," and "Drumtockty." Our English visitors seldom get much nearer to it (in pronunciation) than "Drumtockity," and on their way hither the name of our station, Fordoun, lays another snare for the Southron tongue. If you ask for a ticket for "Fördoon," you will probably find yourself booked for Doune, a long way off in Perthshire; but if you say "Förd'n," all will be well. There is no village of Fordoun, except a few modern buildings round the station, but the parish kirk overlooks Auchenblae (*Anglicé*, "the Field of Flowers"), a very favourite "health-resort" for the people of Aberdeen,

Dundee, and other neighbouring towns. It was at Fordoun that St. Palladius fixed the seat of his mission to Scotland in A.D. 430, and the primitive chapel, or *cell*, he founded, though afterwards much altered, and now neglected and dirty inside, still stands in the parish kirkyard. His name is preserved in Paldy (pronounced "Paddy") Fair, held yearly on a hill a couple of miles off, and a flat-topped hill projecting into the Glen of Drumtochty is known as St. Palladius' Seat. The cell contains a very ancient stone with four large round holes that give it a cruciform appearance: it is carved with rude figures of horse-men and dogs, and bears an Ogham inscription; but antiquarians are far from agreed as to its origin and purport.

But we must not stop here archæologising. The centre of our interest is more than a mile off, and may be reached by either of two roads—the lower passing through the village of Auchenblae, the upper passing along the slope of Strath Finella. In Scotland a *strath* is properly a broad lowland bounded on one or both sides by mountains; but "Stra'fin'la" (local pronunciation) is a mass of hills and moors that rises somewhat abruptly from the celebrated agricultural plain of the Mearns, attaining a height of 1358 feet, and covering some six square miles of ground. The roads converge just below the mouth of the Glen, through which the main highway passes, leading away through the lower Grampians to Banchory and the Deeside.

The Glen itself is very unlike that in which the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" flourished. The lower slopes of Stra'fin'la on the south, and the Drumtochty (1411 feet) and Annahar (1194 feet) hills on the north, are richly wooded, though nearly thirty thousand of their trees were blown down in the great gale of November 1893. A smaller valley between these two latter hills, the Annahar Glen, opens into it at right angles, and is very rugged and beautiful; and through this leaps from rock to rock the Luther Burn (pronounce the *u* in "Luther" as in "but"), taking afterwards a more peaceful course past Auchenblae, and finally joining the North Esk at Marykirk. The Luther swarms with small but well-flavoured trout, and a four or five pounds basket is no uncommon take in the Glen waters. About half a mile from the eastern end of Drumtochty Glen stands the beautiful Church of St. Palladius, built in 1885 as a thank-offering by the present Laird of Drumtochty, and endowed by him with an annual income and a parsonage-house, the whole being made over to the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It is chiefly noticeable for a fine statue of the Saint, in the vestments of a Christian bishop, that stands on a bracket against the gable of the south transept. About a quarter of a mile further one comes in sight of the Castle, the principal frontage of which is modern, hiding the ancient buildings. In earlier days it was a small stronghold against the Cæteran raiders, but in later and more peaceful times it has been much enlarged. It is perched on a plateau on the north side of the Glen, and in summer and autumn is almost hidden by the surrounding woods of beech and pine. The whole Glen is a little more than two miles long, and then the road passes through Glensauigh, a bare and not very picturesque valley, with an artificial trout-loch occupying its bottom, joining the road from Fettercairn over Cairn o' Mount to Banchory at a lovely spot called "The Clatterin' Brigs." It was over this latter road that the Queen drove home to Balmoral on her last Highland excursion with the Prince Consort.

It is hard to say which is the best time to visit our Glen. In May and June all the hedgerows, wastes, and hillsides blaze with broom and gorse; about July and August the lower grounds are purple with rhododendron blooms and the higher with heather; while in October the woods put on a dazzling glory of crimson, green, scarlet, and gold that is unimaginable and indescribable.

B. M.



ON THE ROAD THROUGH DRUMTOCHTY GLEN.



DRUMTOCHTY CASTLE, FROM THE FOOT OF STRATH FINELLA.



DRUMTOCHTY RECTORY.



THE "PRINCESS ELSIE" OF DRUMTOCHTY.



THE WESTERN EXTREMITY OF "HOLE GLEN," DRUMTOCHTY.



THE GLEN OF DRUMTOCHTY.



CLATTERING BRIGS.



THE CELL OF ST. PALLADIUS IN FORDOUN KIRKYARD.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PALLADIUS, DRUMTOCHTY.

IS ENGLAND AGAINST THE JEWS?

A CHAT WITH MR. ARNOLD WHITE.

The interest reawakened by recent articles in newspapers and reviews in the eternal Jewish question, dormant for the last six years, was the primary reason for a call made upon Mr. Arnold White.

To my opening question (writes *The Sketch* representative), "Is the Jew degenerate?" Mr. White returned a cautious answer.

"What do you understand by 'the Jew'?" he inquired. "It is manifestly impossible, is it not, to call such men as Israel Zangwill, and many others in arts, letters, philanthropy, degenerate; but if you ask, 'is degeneration at work among the Jews,' it cannot be denied that there is among the great bulk of the 11,000,000 living Jews a distinct intellectual, spiritual, and moral decline. Even among the English Jews, a drop in the ocean of Judaism, deterioration among the more recent arrivals is visible. Fundamentally the worship of material comfort—of the Golden Calf—is the cause. I do not wish that what I say shall be construed into hostility to the Jew. I am not Anti-Semitic—many of my friends are Jews. One need not be hostile (rather the reverse) to a community if one points out any members of that community whose conduct is bringing reproach upon the mass and harm to England."

"Then the persons responsible for Anti-Semitism are——?"

"Mainly those cosmopolitan capitalists who have to so large an extent found a home in England, the people whose loans our Foreign Office is so largely concerned in protecting. Some of the wealthy Jews of the class I allude to, in their worship of materialism, renounce the responsibility their wealth brings. The luxurious classes (and this refers not to Jews alone) seem to think that their wealth will buy them the blessings of peace, so that the storm-clouds which threaten their co-religionists have no terrors for them. But they will discover their mistake. The Jewish question clamours for solution even more loudly than it did in the days of Napoleon. And solved it will be, but not, I believe, without a great and bloody war."

"Do you anticipate another expulsion of Jews from England?"

"Forces are at work which seem to bring such an event within the limits of possibility—but England would be the last. Almost every nation has expelled its Jews once in seven hundred years; it is now almost the end of the cycle for England, and, if things go on as they are going, an Anti-Semitic outbreak against unabsorbed Jews is, I believe, inevitable—not only here, but all over Europe. The danger arises not from any rooted Anti-Semitic feeling in our nation, but is attributable to a natural law. The Jew, with his superior intelligence, temperance, and enterprise, is the potential master of the nation on whose shores he has set foot. For this very reason he is downtrodden in Russia, where education and equality are denied him; just because the Russian Government knows very well that, if the Jew were allowed a fair chance, he would, in a single decade, Judaise the whole Russian Administration."

"What would contribute to an outbreak of hostility in England?"

"The power wielded by the wealthy few must, if ill-directed, ultimately react to the prejudice of the many. I do not say it is always misdirected, far from it. The patriotism and generosity of many rich Anglicised Jews are beyond praise. But there are many more who shirk their responsibilities; these men form the dangerous classes. The Jewish influence on our Press, while undeniably great, is exercised, I should say, on the whole for good. But there are instances, which I might quote, of an opposite tendency. The projection, for example, of some company that might imperil Jewish interests has been, upon occasion, unanimously condemned by the Press. Again, without direct use of the Press, curious things are done in the Jewish interest to the prejudice of the community. You may have heard a rumour that the Money-Lending Inquiry will not sit again. If that is so, what is it owing to but the influence of certain financiers who have no desire to be examined? Then there is the problem of the Jews in the East End. These present perhaps the greatest danger to the State. That undigested mass, constantly augmented; of aliens, so strong that they decline to be absorbed, affords no hope of useful citizens. Unlike the Huguenot settler, who was rapidly absorbed, who introduced useful arts, who manned our fleets and fought our battles, the Jew of the East End remains separate, and produces only the potential middleman of the next generation. Sooner or later there will be a revolt against the redundant money-lender and the superfluous middleman."

"Are you a believer in the Return?"

"Yes; but, of course, it will not be to Palestine. Possibly Armenia, after the break-up of the Turkish Empire, will provide a resting-place. But it may not come for many decades. Still, come it will."

"Were not your articles in the *Pall Mall* in the nature of an attack?"

"Only on rich Jews, who enjoyed all that English law and nationality could give them, but renounced responsibility, not on the race. The attack was made in the interests of the poor Jews in Russia, whose condition I know from personal observation. One might have written endless articles describing their misery; but the Hebrew plutocrats, particularly the German contingent, who have the power to help if they cared, would not stir a finger. Anti-Semitic I am not. To warn a race of danger does not imply hatred."

"Do you think the coming catastrophe can be avoided?"

"A peaceful settlement might be arrived at by a European Conference, such as I have advocated elsewhere. In that England should take the lead. It would inaugurate Jewish regeneration by giving a home to those Jews who do not want to be absorbed in other nationalities. We have to choose between that and revolution in the near or distant future."

THE JEW SHOULD RETURN TO PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "JEWISH WORLD."

The momentous question of a return to Zion has been before the Jewish race from the time of the dispersion—after Vespasian had conquered Jerusalem, slaughtered two millions of Jews, and sold other two millions at twopence apiece in the markets of Europe. So far, it may claim all the interest of antiquity. Only of late years has the practical possibility of a return forced itself upon the attention of people whose sufferings have become almost too great to be borne. England has but recently heard of the movement, and the apparent delay is due to the fact that the Jewish question, so far as England is concerned, has never taken an acute form. Here we enjoy, and it is to be hoped deserve, rights and liberties equal to those of our Gentile brethren, and for us there is no need to charter an up-to-date *Mayflower* and travel as Pilgrim Fathers to a land that has yet to be reclaimed. Those of the Jewish race in this country who cherish a hope of sleeping the last sleep in the shadow of the Mount of Olives may go in peace and comfort to the Holy City when and how they please. Because of this absence of utter necessity they are slow to go and quick to return.

With the Jews of Eastern and Central Europe the case is different. In the great cities of Austria, Roumania, Germany, and France, Anti-Semitism flourishes, and the position of the Jewish race becomes worse and worse with every passing year, partly because the Continent is largely lapsing into religious intolerance, and yet has no true religious feeling to restrain the wildest passions, partly because the students are the keenest persecutors of the Jew, and the student of to-day is the legislator of to-morrow.

Only by making a Jewish nation can this universal persecution be stopped, and, while such a step is of full practical value, a return to Palestine fulfils the great Jewish ideal and is agreeable to the spirit of the Law. In a remarkable article recently published, the *Spectator*, after carefully considering the terrible condition of the Jews in Eastern and Central Europe, looked around for a cure and could find no hope other than such as lay in the possibility of the return of Christian people to the teachings of Christ. To Zionism the *Spectator* objected on the ground that the number of people able to go to Palestine would be comparatively insignificant, and the increase of population in Europe would in twenty years make the position as difficult as ever. I do not think the writer realised that, if a Jewish State came into existence and established diplomatic relations with the great European Powers, the Jewish persecutions would speedily disappear. It is because there is no State to interfere on behalf of the race that the less civilised nations do exactly as they like. Individual assistance has done all that it can, Jewish financiers and philanthropists have accomplished all they have dared to do.

The idea of a Jewish State, as propounded by Dr. Herzl in his famous pamphlet and at the Basle Congress over which he presided in August last, need cause no alarm to politicians, and can yet avail to solve the great problem. Turkey wants money, and might, for a cash consideration and with the consent of the Powers, yield Palestine, just as she ceded Cyprus to England. All places sacred to Christians and Mohammedans would remain as they are to-day; the rest of the country would come into possession of the men who won it by the sword in Bible times.

At this moment there are dozens of colonies scattered over various parts of Palestine. I have visited several of them, and marked how soon the race, delivered from the restrictions of foreign Ghettos, has recovered its physique, how soon the land, redeemed from neglect, has smiled again as it did in olden time. An extension of this colonisation will follow as soon as guarantees of permanent security are afforded to colonists. These guarantees will mark the commencement of a new exodus.

Beyond a doubt, the difficulties are immense, but so also are the troubles that Zionism will attempt to cure. Completion cannot come in one year, or in twenty; yet, none the less, progress and the growth of a State will avail to mitigate the evils of the present time. The attitude of English Jewry towards the question of Zionism is interesting, but by no means of vital importance one way or another, for the bulk of the work is being done on the Continent, where all the suffering and nearly all the enthusiasm are. Sympathy and assistance are rightly due from us in England, because, for the vast majority of the race, there is a terrible problem to be faced, and we are bound to do what we can to help.

Within the limits of a little space, it is impossible to state the case for Zionism completely in any particular. It has grown out of the necessities of the race, out of the insight into the possibilities of self-government that temporary emancipation has brought with it; the roots of the movement have for nearly two thousand years been embedded in the national faith. At the moment in every town where persecution prevails the hope of the Return stimulates endurance. In Vienna Dr. Herzl and a brilliant staff of writers produce a remarkable weekly paper devoted to the cause, *Die Welt*, a journal circulating all over Europe; in Paris the Zionists reckon in their ranks such a worker and thinker as Dr. Max Nordau; in London the movement has the support of the learned *Haham* of the Sephardic community, Dr. Moses Gaster. The rank-and-file of Judaism, the hard-working, keen-thinking, long-suffering toilers of great cities, are heart and soul in the cause. They subscribe their mites to the Colonial Bank now in process of formation, they form themselves into bands and unions to further the plans of the leaders; to them Zion is something to live for—nay, if necessary, to die for.

Dr. Herzl and the brilliant men who surround him have developed the high ideal of the Jewish race, given an object in life to thousands who had nothing but death to live for, and, under these circumstances, even failure would be glorious. But they are not going to fail, for they have come at the right time and are working in the right way.

A CELEBRATED COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Many interesting memories are recalled by this portrait of the youthful and beautiful Countess of Huntingdon, for that name is indissolubly associated with an important branch of the great sect of the Methodists. It was a predecessor of the Countess who founded that branch, a woman whose high rank, joined to her remarkable abilities and passionate enthusiasm, made her a very prominent figure among the leaders of the great religious revival of the eighteenth century. Surely at no time has society been marked by such vivid and startling contrasts as during the reign of George II., when the spiritual fervour of Methodism was making its way through the apathy, irreligion, and open scepticism of the upper classes, and through the brutal ignorance of the masses of the people. The plain little Methodist chapels of the present day, generally hidden away in back streets, are apt to give us a false impression of the work of the movement at its commencement. Started at Oxford, like the great religious movements of later days, it was spread abroad by the preaching of George Whitfield and the two Wesleys, and it was by no means to the poor only that they made successful appeal. The society which held up Lord Chesterfield as the model of all that a nobleman should be, which delighted in the wit of Horace Walpole and in the satire of Lord Bolingbroke, at the same time saw the houses of such well-known women as the Countess of Huntingdon and Lady Fanny Shirley turned into conventicles where all the rank and fashion of the land crowded to hear the fervid eloquence of Whitfield or his followers.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, owed her "conversion," to use the phrase of the time, to the influence of her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, and she devoted herself to the cause of Methodism with a whole-hearted enthusiasm and devotion that must command admiration. She became intimate with the Wesleys, and was a regular attendant at the services held in the little Moravian Chapel which is still to be seen in Neville's Court, Fetter Lane. She made Whitfield her chaplain, and held drawing-room meetings at her house in Park Lane, so as to influence her friends. Among these friends was numbered the celebrated Sara Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, who expresses thanks for Lady Huntingdon's desire to improve her religious knowledge; but others were not so grateful. The Duchess of Buckingham's answer to an appeal of Lady Huntingdon's was as follows—

I thank your ladyship [she writes] for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and to do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches

that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.

The talents which Lady Huntingdon afterwards displayed in the guidance of her Connection, at an earlier time led her to take a keen interest in politics, and in this field she might be numbered among the forerunners of some of the present-day advocates of women's rights. During 1738 some stormy debates took place in the House of Lords, and, whether in order to allow the speakers an unrestrained freedom of language or for other reasons, it was unanimously resolved that no ladies should be admitted to the debates, and that the Gallery should be reserved for members of the House of Commons. Nevertheless, a gallant body

of fair politicians, headed by the Duchess of Queensberry and the Countess of Huntingdon, presented themselves at the door of the Gallery at 9 a.m., and declared their intention to enter. As the only means of getting rid of them, the Peers decided to starve them out, and order was made that the door should not be opened until their departure. The besiegers, however, remained at their post without sustenance until five p.m., spending their leisure in battering at the door, so that the speakers within could hardly be heard. Then, with stratagem worthy of Machiavelli, the Duchess commanded quiet for half-an-hour. The Chancellor imagined his enemies had departed, and, the Commons being impatient for admission, he allowed the doors to be opened, whereon the ladies rushed in and triumphantly took possession of the front seats, where they remained through the debate.

Lady Huntingdon's Connection grew up by degrees. The first chapel was built at Brighton in 1761, and she defrayed the cost by the sale of her jewels. Others were established rapidly, and in 1767 she started a college in North Wales for the training of ministers. The definite secession from the Church of England, however, did not

take place till 1781, and was very largely the result of the constant interference with the Methodist preachers, due to the jealousy of the parochial clergy. The management of the Connection was entirely in Lady Huntingdon's hands; she paid for the maintenance of the college out of her private income, and she often writes to her ministers in rather imperious language. Indeed, Whitfield himself likened her to an Archbishop. Before her death, however, an association was formed at her own desire to carry on the work, and the chapels were placed in the hands of trustees, of whom Lady Anne Erskine was the chief. Lady Huntingdon died in 1791 at her house in Spa Fields, close to the chapel she had built, and was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The Connection has continued to flourish since her death, and the seven chapels have increased to thirty-three.



THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Photo by Lafayette, Old Bond Street, W.

THE COSTLIEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

America, the land of "sky-scrapers" and "Eiffel Towers," has redeemed her otherwise inartistic architecture by building a library for the National Congress, which, after eight years of industrious work, is now complete and ready for occupation. "The Congressional Library," as it is called, is situate at right angles from the Capitol, and occupies a most beautiful and advantageous position on Capitol Hill in the Garden-City of America, Washington, surrounded by large tropical gardens under perfect cultivation. Nor has it been accomplished without the vicissitudes usually attendant on large expenditures. Thrice has the nation's Congress been called upon for appropriations of millions of dollars. Unlike most of America's architecture, this building was designed and executed by a native engineer, General Thomas L. Casey, assisted by Mr. R. R. Green and many of her prominent artists.

The Library building proper is built of the whitest and purest granite known. The entire building stands alone, facing four streets, with spacious courts inside of the building, and is lighted by 2860 large windows. The side walls are 89 feet high to the roof, and the apex of the dome is 205 feet from the ground. In style the architecture is of the Italian Renaissance, the central front and four corner pavilions being moderately projected, thus relieving the monotony of the long façade. Upon the keystones of thirty-three of the window arches are carved thirty-three human heads representing the races of the earth. Not only are these heads effective decorations and superior to the famed gargoyle, but they point an excellent object-lesson in ethnology, and form a permanent collection which has no counterpart anywhere. One

dome of the Capitol in the shade. The cresting of the dome above the lantern, which is in the centre, terminates in a gilded finial, which represents the torch of science, ever burning.

Next to the reading-room, on either side there opens out an extensive book-magazine, or repository, filled with iron cases, consisting of twelve tiers of floors, rising eighty-five feet high to the roof. These tiers of floors were put in at this distance apart to obviate the necessity of ladders. Each tier of shelves is only seven feet in height, rendering it easy to reach the topmost books without steps of any kind. Each stack has a shelving capacity of 800,000 volumes. It will be seen that the natural enemies of books, dust and damp, are guarded against in this storing. The pumps, coal-vaults, and steam-boilers are in a separate building, eighty feet removed, in the rear of the library and underground, so that heat, smoke, or gas exhalations, which are injurious, are also all properly guarded against.

The various floors in the book-stacks are supplied with lifts and tramways for the transportation of books. By this time-saving machinery, both in vertical and horizontal directions the quickest of transportations from point to point has been adopted, and, by means of a pneumatic underground railway from the Library to the Capitol, books will be furnished to members of Congress and other persons at the Capitol more quickly than heretofore.

Three spandrels over the entrance-doors of the west front represent Science, Art, and Literature. Each of these spandrels is composed of two female figures carved in relief, and the grace and beauty of these figures have already been extolled in the Press.

Sixteen bronze figures of heroic size around the galleries of the Rotunda represent Philosophy by Plato and Bacon, History by Herodotus



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

of the most important features of the building, however, is the beautiful white foyer or vestibule. This hall is lined throughout with fine Italian marble, highly polished. On the sides of this hall are tall round columns with carved Corinthian capitals. The arches between the pillars are adorned with rosettes, palm-leaves, and flower designs of exquisite finish and delicacy. The height of this entrance from the floor to the skylight is 82 feet, and the pure white marble lining which meets the eye on every side might well be termed imposing. The upper staircases of this foyer are ornamented with twenty-six marble figures, representing in emblematic sculpture the various arts and sciences.

The reading-room, or floor of the central dome, is not only the most beautiful, from an æsthetic point of view, but also perhaps the best-adapted room to the purpose for which it is intended. In shape it is octagonal, 120 feet in diameter and 135 feet high, and it is lighted by twelve large semicircular windows, 32 feet wide. The interior walls of the reading-room are lined with variegated Siena marble, rich in the warm tones of brown and yellow. There are numerous arches and balustrades rising to the height of the upper gallery, gracefully proportioned and well-balanced. There are twenty-four arches on the sides of the reading-room floor, the pilasters and architraves of which are finely carved. Above these, on the floors of the galleries, are fifty-three more arches in continuous succession, the whole surmounted by a running balustrade reaching all around the reading-room. It is difficult to describe the soft and mellow tone of this room as it strikes the eye after leaving the glitter and brilliancy of the white foyer. It is designed to seat 350 readers, allowing each a desk four feet square to work on. The desk of the superintendent and his assistants commands a view of every part of the reading-room. The roof of the immense dome is sheeted with copper. This copper is gilded by a thick coating of gold-leaf, twenty-three carats fine, which cost about 13,800 dollars. When the sun's rays are reflected from this dome, it can be seen at a distance of many miles down the River Potomac by its lustre, almost putting the

and Gibbon, Poetry by Homer and Shakspeare, Art—embracing painting, sculpture, and music—by Michael Angelo and Beethoven, Science by Newton and Henry, Law by Solon and Kent, Commerce by Columbus and Fulton, and Religion by Moses and St. Paul. There are nine colossal busts, carved in granite, on the central front of the façade, representing Demosthenes, Dante, Scott, Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Franklin, Macaulay, and Goethe.

Some of the statistics of this Library are interesting. The book capacity ready for use is about 1,800,000 volumes. If all the space on each floor not at present to be used were to be fitted up for the storage of books, the Library would hold 3,500,000 volumes. It was considered by the architects that, in the future, annexes might be built in the four inside courts, which would hold between one and two million volumes more, without marring the architectural beauty of the building. The largest library in the Old World, that of France, contains only two and a quarter millions of volumes. From these figures it will be seen that the provision for the future growth of the Library is extensive—estimated to be ample for a century and a-half to come. The area of the Library floor and connecting rooms is about 118,000 square feet, while the ground-area of the British Museum, in London, is 90,000 square feet. The total floor-space in the Library buildings, excluding the cellar, is 367,667 square feet, or nearly nine acres. The length of the shelves already in position, placed end to end, would cover a distance of forty-nine English miles.

In its construction were required 420,000 cubic feet of granite, 550,000 enamelled bricks, 24,500,000 red bricks, 3500 tons of iron and steel, and 90,000 barrels of cement. Between two hundred and fifty and four hundred men have been employed on the work daily, and perhaps as many more have been employed by the contractors at the quarries and elsewhere. Eighty thousand bricks have been laid in a single day—in fact, the work has progressed so rapidly as to reflect great credit upon its architect.

C. F. D.

"THE SCARLET FEATHER."

If "The Scarlet Feather" still waves its plumes, despite the dripping weather, the fact is due less to the general excellency of the plot or the music than to the comicality of some of the people who figure in the piece. None of these is endowed with a livelier humour than Miss M. A. Victor, who plays the amorous doctor's spouse. The years have not dulled the edge of her humour, nor robbed her of the agility of the dancer, for nothing is funnier than to see her pirouette like the youngest of them. How far back her services go may be gauged from the fact that she supported Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, and Miss Faucit (Lady Martin). Thirty-odd years ago she figured at the Strand in Byron's burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons." For a long time she was a great favourite at the Grecian, and during 1882-3 she was a member of the Drury Lane company. Comic opera absorbed her twelve years ago, when she enlisted under Miss Violet Melnotte at the Comedy Theatre, and again in 1891, in "Miss Decima." She was the original Mrs. Gilfillian in "Sweet Lavender," produced just ten years ago—how the time flies!—and she has kept up her record down to the present with unflinching good spirits. Mr. Thomas Seabrooke, her comrade the doctor in "The Scarlet Feather," has a somewhat American style of humour, of the R. G. Knowles type. He glides through the piece with as much ease as if he were not acting at all. This pair get a good deal of fun out of their parts, which acquire humour at the hands of the players rather than the playwrights, who, on the whole, are not brilliant.



THE TROUBLES OF MONTE CARLO.

A mysterious sixteen-page pamphlet, entitled "Facts about Monte Carlo, by a Group of Shareholders," issued by the Roxburghe Press, sets forth the grievances of the gambling-den keeper. The trustees of the first proprietor, M. Blanc, sold their rights to the "Anonymous Company of the Sea-Baths and Strangers' Club of Monaco," who were granted by Prince Charles of Monaco a fifty years' concession for a yearly consideration of £70,000. His son, the present Prince, began all right, but since his second marriage with the Dowager Duchess de Richelieu (*née* Heine)—he got his first marriage with the late Duke of Hamilton's sister annulled by the Pope—he has become a changed man. But now he says he will grant an immediate renewal of the concession until 1947, on condition that the rent gradually rises to £100,000 a year, and that the company construct a new port of Monaco, to cost at least £320,000, and a new opera-house, to cost £80,000. There are other extras, the whole adding £190,000 a year to the expenditure of the poor company.

This is all very sad, in view of the fact that the company pays the expenses of the Government, and "even the expenses of the Cathedral choir, and assists many other religious and charitable institutions, and, moreover, keeps up the princely gardens, and supplies his Serene Highness with provisions, bunting, and flags, whenever it behoves him or his Serene Consort to give an entertainment, a dinner, or a garden-party." Herein is a Savoy opera in miniature almost ready-made for Mr. Gilbert.



MISS VICTOR AND MR. SEABROOKE IN "THE SCARLET FEATHER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's story, "A Man of the Moors" (Kegan Paul), is one of the very best and strongest that has recently appeared, and should give the author a distinguished place of his own. The scene is laid chiefly in a picturesquely situated village near Haworth, and no one since the Brontës has been so successful in catching and rendering the aspect of the moors and their effect on the thoughts and the life of the people as Mr. Sutcliffe. He is evidently familiar with the whole region, and his intimacy is the intimacy of love. He has a strong grasp of character, and some of his figures stand out with unusual vividness; his style is excellent, and the interest of the story is maintained to the very last.

Lovers of meditative verse should read Sir George Douglas's "Poems of a Country Gentleman" (Longmans). Himself a Border man, Sir George Douglas dwells with lingering affection on the scenes long familiar to him, and his name will worthily be associated with those of James Hogg, Henry Scott Riddell, John Veitch, and J. B. Selkirk. His verses are always easy and graceful, and they not infrequently rise into the region of true poetry. It is easy to see that these verses are selected from the work of years.

The new volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography" deals with the numerous family of the Smiths, of whom Canon Sydney Smith appears to be the king. He is handled by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who justly gives him the credit, which Smith claimed for himself, of being the most useful and memorable contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. With Sydney Smith's plagiarisms Mr. Stephen does not deal. Another very important article is that on Spenser, by Mr. Sidney Lee, which is done with his usual care and learning; but how did he come to give so much space to an obscure poetaster like Sotheby? By far the best article, however, of the whole volume, and, so far as I remember, the best that has appeared in any volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography," is that on Smollett by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. One is at a loss to know how to praise sufficiently the masterly knowledge, literary power, and critical skill which have gone to make up this biography. It is plain that in Mr. Seccombe we have a new addition to the very first class of critics and writers of literary history.

In Mrs. Lowthian Bell we have a new and distinguished poetical translator. The "Poems from the Divan of Hafiz" (Heinemann) may not win their way to English hearts and memories like FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám; but, nevertheless, we have very little work of the kind to compare with it in excellence. She has written a learned introduction, where we can learn that Hafiz was not another Omar, but the similarities will first strike Western readers before they taste the differences. There is the same passionate melancholy—

Others may find another love as fair;
Upon her threshold I have laid my head,
The dust shall cover me, still lying there,
When from my body life and love have fled.

When I am dead, open my grave and see
The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet;
In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee;
Yea, the smoke rises from my winding-sheet!

Hoping within some garden ground to find
A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,
Through every meadow blows the western wind,
Through every garden he is fain to seek.

There is a far tenderer passion of love—

Hast thou forgotten how the glorious
Swift nights flew past, the cup of dawn brimmed high?
My love and I alone, God favouring us!
And when she like a waning moon did lie,
And Sleep had drawn his coil about her brow,
Hast thou forgot? Heaven's crescent moon would bow
The head, and in her service pace the sky!

And the same acknowledgment of divine intoxication, divine whether of the soul or the body—

Hast thou forgotten, when a sojourner
Within the tavern gates, and drunk with wine,
I found Love's passionate wisdom hidden there,
Which in the mosque none even now divine?

We have had no very readable rendering of Hafiz before, and, in making a fresh one, Mrs. Bell has been better employed than Mr. Le Gallienne in his task of evolving from a jumble of excellent translations of Omar a quite superfluous new version.

There are few of the younger story-tellers who can write so well as Mr. Conrad, but I have found his "Nigger of the *Narcissus*" (Heinemann) stiff reading. He has written, so far as I know, three works of fiction, and in not one of them has he ever shown any liking for the story. Some faint kind of a plot he has just permitted for the sake of introducing his characters, and of giving them a locality which he can make you realise to perfection. But the story is always a very minor matter. I did not miss it much in "Almayer's Folly," for the admirable descriptive passages were enough to make the fame of any book, but it is a miss in "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*," which depends—though I do not forget the superb storm scenes—much more in the interest of the characters. They are realised by Mr. Conrad's method, a very photographic, not to say phonographic one; if it be old-fashioned to call it inartistic, we may still insist that it is fatiguing. A very able book, but it drags.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The sudden development of German naval activity, the seizure of a Chinese port, and the gas and gush of Wilhelm the Unexpected over the enterprise of his brother, have somewhat startled the world. In themselves they are more amusing than terrible. The mediæval speech of the Kaiser and the real or affected Byzantine adoration expressed by Prince Henry are mere opéra-bouffe. The farewell proceedings are the finale to Act I., offering great scope to stage-manager and composer. If the piece were to be played by the characters already disclosed, it would be merely farcical and fantastic. But, in the second act, it is more than probable that a number of characters will come in, and the opera may turn to a tragedy.

A few German ships and a small force of soldiers and marines occupying a Chinese port are not in themselves serious. China has, for practical purposes, broken to pieces past mending. At least four Powers—England, Russia, France, Japan—are in sufficient naval strength on the Pacific to do pretty much what they like with Prince Henry and his merry men whenever need arises. The Germans are "in the air." They have no reinforcements within call, no other base, no communications. The other four Powers interested in the matters of China have coast-lines or colonies within easy reach and reserves comparatively near. Russia has her Siberian coast; Japan, her whole empire; England, Hong-Kong, and India in the background; France has Tonquin; the United States, even, though not strong on the Pacific station, could probably keep up their end better in China than could Germany. Prince Henry and his fifteen hundred or so are rather hostages than conquerors, as regards their strategic position.

But the German seizure of a Chinese port may be the signal for a general partition. Like one of the lowest order of sea-creatures, China will hardly feel, will hardly know, when outlying provinces are lopped off. It is not conquest; there is no resistance, no patriotism beyond a general ignorant hatred of foreigners. Sporadic resistance and guerilla warfare there may be in provinces of the Chinese Empire so-called; so there have been in Tonquin and Burma since their annexation. But of any coherent and steady opposition to foreign dominion, China seems just now thoroughly incapable.

But if the other Powers follow suit in the occupation of Chinese territory, they will need to arrange their "spheres of influence" very carefully, and even such an arrangement would only be preliminary to a conflict. Already the eagles are gathering to the carcass. Russia seems to have occupied Port Arthur as a precautionary measure; the Japanese are already set fast in a Chinese position, where it is rumoured that England will also station a watching force. England and Japan *versus* the rest would be an exceedingly popular combination in this country. If "the rest" were a combination of Russia, Germany, and France, it might be feared that the guns of the allied fleets would go off prematurely.

For the present, everybody is waiting for everybody else. The Kaiser is the only one that has taken a decided step, and, no doubt, he thinks that, though obviously dangerous, his enterprise will escape future disaster owing to the jealousies of other Powers. The singular practical shrewdness which often underlies the extravagant bombast of Wilhelm the Unique is a curious feature of his character. In many ways he resembles a pushing American journalist, though for freedom he does not even affect a love, and his language is at times obsolete and mediæval, instead of painfully up-to-date. But, if he tries to extend the small area of German occupation in China, it is doubtful whether his people either can or will sustain him. Germany is a poor country still; its keen competition for the world's trade is largely the feverish activity of the struggling merchant. The army, a necessity of national existence, is a huge burden; a navy is not so necessary, and a great navy, unless it can be brought into profitable use at once, is useless. What does a Bavarian or Badener care for the seizure of Chinese ports?

Probably the partition of China, when it gets under weigh, will be done by dribbles, as was that of Poland. There is "a dripping roast" there in the way of territory, and many Powers can cut and come again, secure in the knowledge that the Chinese troops will promptly cut and *not* come again. Germany will, doubtless, have a good slice; but will she keep it, or will she ever be able to digest it? France, we know, will never make much of new colonies; she has no colonists to flock over from an overcrowded population. And France and Germany may both write above the history of their colonial efforts, *Sic nos non nobis*.

"Go forth!" said the Kaiser, "my chaps;
Go, frighten the English and Japs;

I'm chief of the Powers,
And China is ours—"

And Checks the Marine remarked, "P'raps!"

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotech, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



But Hagen has Siegfried's Balmung lying naked on his knee. The Minstrel has also drawn his keen fiddle-bow, and the Huns dare not provoke the battle.—CARLYLE.

THE PRETTY WIT OF MR. GILBERT.

When a *Quarterly* reviewer in his recent meteoric flight among the Muses sought to place Mr. W. S. Gilbert, a scintillation of scorn, a spasm of incredulity, ruffled some of the literary critics; and the reviewer's very right to speak was resented by the partisans of the poets who had been awarded a less honourable palm. Yet nobody was better fitted to gauge the value of the Savoyard, for the *Quarterly*, like the *Spectator* in its little odd moments of wonderment, approaches the theatre from the outside, and presumably judged Mr. Gilbert's verse without the glamour of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, and independent of its original use as an integral part of a comic opera whole which has absolutely no parallel in English. In any case, his songs may be judged by themselves, for while they are embedded in his librettos to carry on the dramatic action, and not as a mere pretext for a little musical diversion, they stand very well by themselves, and may be read with the keenest zest by the man who has not seen the particular opera of which they form a part.

As if to justify the *Quarterly* reviewer's point, a new edition of the "Bab Ballads" has been issued, which supersedes all its predecessors by including for the first time the songs from the operas; while many illustrations, with several old ones re-drawn, have been added to the collection by Mr. Gilbert himself. The result is a very handsome book of 554 pages, with 350 sketches.

It is well that Mr. Gilbert incorporated some of his Savoy songs, because they form the crowning part of his contribution to contemporary verse. The "Bab Ballads" were their predecessors in point of skill as well as of time; the undress rehearsal, as it were, before Mr. Gilbert was able to caper with confidence.

The "Bab Ballads" start on the lowest rung of technical simplicity—namely, the four-lined stanza—but even there he showed a curious felicity of jingle and an individual sense of humour. The humour was so marked, indeed, that *Punch*, the most conservative of all conservative forces, rejected number one of the series, namely, "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," on the ground, as Mr. Gilbert recalled in an earlier edition, that it was "too cannibalistic"; so it went to *Fun*, and was followed by a long series, which appeared (partially) in book form thirty years ago. If you look at that first ballad you will find some curious anticipations of Mr. Gilbert's later characteristics,



TITWILLOW.
From the "Bab Ballads."

notably his amusing manipulation of certain particles of speech in rhyme endings. For instance—

He gave a hitch to his trousers which
Is a trick all seamen learn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn.

Most of the reprinted ballads were simpler even than this: simple to the point of grotesqueness; and their main humour lay not in the construction of a new romance, but in the reconstruction of an old type. They all were essentially Londony; and Mr. Gilbert told his simple stories at inordinate length. What matured his art, what rendered condensation absolutely necessary and elaborate mechanism essential, was the exigencies of music. And in the process he developed his own humour. In the "Bab Ballads" he is merely a conventional burllesquer, as Mr. Burnand has always remained. But one day, as he says in a ballad, of which I should like to know the date, he slept and

Dreamt that somehow he had come
To dwell in Topsy-Turvydom.
Where vice is virtue—virtue, vice;
Where nice is nasty—nasty, nice.

That dream was the making of Mr. Gilbert as a constructive humorist; and it was only when he had evolved his own humorous point of view that he could build up an opera-libretto, expanding Captain Reece of the *Mantelpiece* into Captain Coreoran of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, and Poll Pineapple, the bumboat woman of the ballad, into Little Buttercup of the opera. Then, having reached the platform of libretto, he had to elaborate those metrical inventions for the composer, achieving marvels of jingling jugglery, which have delighted hundreds of thousands of people during the last twenty years, which fascinate all who care to turn a rhyme for themselves. At first he indulged himself in the mere pleasure of performing the most difficult bits of acrobatic rhyming, without much solicitude for an actual humorous fancy. Take, for instance, his recipe for the making of the Heavy Dragoon under the examination system, which he burllesques—

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,
Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
Take all the remarkable people in history,
Rattle them off to a popular tune. . . .
The grace of Mozart, that unparalleled musico—
Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne—

The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault—
Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man—
The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery—
Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray—
Victor Emmanuel—peak-hunting Peveril;
Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell.

Calverley could have done this quite as well—think of his lines beginning "In the gloaming to be roaming where the crested waves are foaming, and the shy mermaids combing locks that ripple to their feet"; but Mr. Gilbert, having absolutely mastered the mere art of intricate verbalism, went further afield than Calverley, and made his mechanical intricacies the vehicle for a mental involution in which he has no modern rival whatever. In fact, his real service to literary verse has been his revival of what for want of a better name we call a "conceit." Donne, Herrick, Suckling, Wither, and George Herbert practised precisely the same art in a different medium, and for a different age; but they all share the same curious little mental twist which is the essence of the "conceit." It is for this quality that I admire Mr. Gilbert most, although I know how many limitations it has marked out for his Muse.

Put in a nutshell, his theories of conceit will be found to consist of one or other of two processes—translating Fancy into the terms of Common Sense, or, alternately, looking at Common Sense, or the Prosaic, through the eyes of Fancy. The latter is the more interesting. How cleverly it is used in the song of the Magnet and the Silver Churn—

For iron the Magnet felt no whim,
Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him;
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn!

With this effect—

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,
The needles opened their well-drilled eyes;
The pen-knives felt "shut up," no doubt;
The scissors declared themselves "cut out";
The kettles they boiled with rage, 'tis said;
While every nail went off its head,
And hither and thither began to roam,
Till a hammer came up—and drove it home;
While this magnetic,
Peripatetic
Lover he lived to learn,
By no endeavour
Can Magnet ever,
Attract a Silver Churn.

Again, what could be better than the Guardsman-sentry's song in "Iolanthe," with its grotesque rhymes? As he marches up and down before the Houses of Parliament he often thinks it comical—

How Nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

An enthusiast might linger for columns over the various aspects of Mr. Gilbert's pretty wit as illustrated in this book. It also brings home Mr. Gilbert's failure to range himself with the greater singers of his time. You never get quit of his hard, metallic touch—that curious cynicism of his which, when it has ceased to amuse by its sheer novelty, disconcerts by its perpetual insistence. His Fancy in "Iolanthe" gloried in the fact that she turned the hose of Common Sense on fire that glows with heat intense, "and out it goes at small expense."

No; the expense has not been small in the case of Mr. Gilbert himself. He has paid for it dearly by having to stand in the outer circle of literature. He has fancy, he has wit, he has unmatched mechanism; but he has always been terrified to show his heart. We know it is there. Every now and again we have heard it beating; but, disconcerted at our discovery, Mr. Gilbert has silenced it and rattled away over the cobbles of Common Sense to a rollicking rhyme, for "Life is a joke that's just begun." But the perpetual absence of the contra-positive makes the joke thus reiterated somewhat trying in the long run. I think Mr. Gilbert has come to feel this too. He tells us in his preface that many of the original illustrations of the "Bab Ballads" "erred gravely in the direction of unnecessary extravagance," and this he has remedied. Yet, when all is said and done, Mr. Gilbert stands without a rival in being merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic in the rarest of rhyming.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.
From the "Bab Ballads."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

CERTAIN SUMMARIES OF VICTORIAN ART.

The past year has been one of reckoning, and the art of the era has come under review in several books of conspicuous interest to everybody who follows the history of art. By far the greatest development of art in our time is to be found in the evolution of the pen-draughtsman, whom the mechanical methods of reproduction have hurried into an excellence which all the wood-engraving in the world could never have done. Not a month passes without the appearance of some new-comer, discovered in an out-of-the-way art-school, and quickly introduced to publicity by the cheap and accurate modes of reproduction which fill the market. Indeed, to follow the mere names of the new-comers is a bewildering process to anybody save experts, and even they lag behind.

Thus it is with Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose book, "Pen Drawings and Pen Draughtsmen," has appeared in a third edition from the house of Macmillan. This book appeared for the first time in 1889, and was reprinted in 1894. But so much progress has been made that it should have been wholly recast. As it is, Mr. Pennell's book is very unsatisfactory in view of the new date upon it, "MDCCXCVII." The expense of re-setting it (for it is charitable to think that it has been printed from stereo plates) should have been boldly undertaken, so that it might have covered the whole field under review and have brought the various artists mentioned in it up to date, for even they have improved on their style of 1894, and still more of 1889.

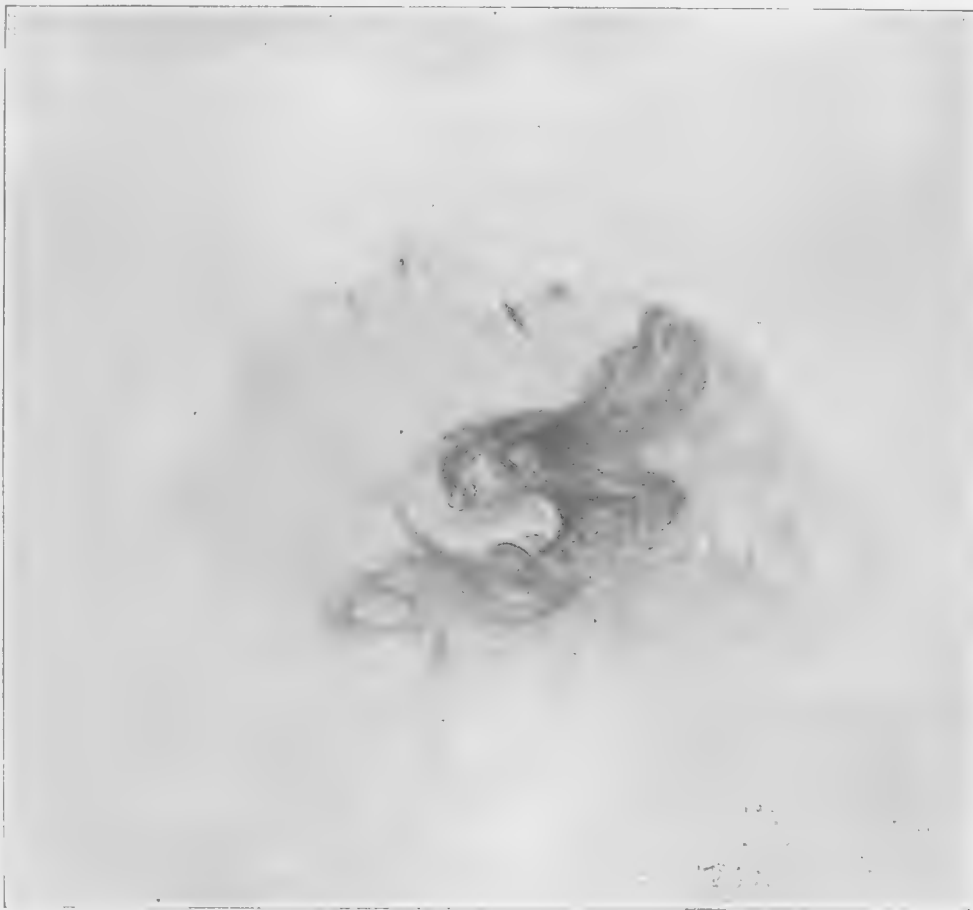
Mr. Pennell's book is also out of date in point of *format*. He anticipates the objection in his preface, but why limit the draughtsmen's chance of arresting the attention? For instance, the picture by Remington does not come out nearly so well as his drawings in any number of *Harper's Magazine*. The Gibsons (by the way, who is G. D. Gibson on page 223?) are not so clear as in *Life*, nor is his best work represented. Quite apart from the book-lover, the art-student ought surely to see the best work of the various draughtsmen represented. In an appendix chapter, Mr. Pennell deals briefly with *Jugend* of Munich, and one feels that he could write at much greater length on the remarkable development it displays if he chose. He must recast his book in a future edition; he ought to reject some of the illustrations, and insert better examples of the artists' work, and certainly reduce many of the drawings from their present needlessly large size. The subject is intensely interesting, and nobody can treat it better than Mr. Pennell (from the art critical standpoint). A biographical collaborator, however, would be desirable, so that Mr. Pennell would not be forced to supplement the ramshackle statement (of 1889), "Mars is evidently a *nom de plume*," with a note like this: "His real name is Bonvoisin." Again, Caran d'Ache's real surname is Poiré, not "Poirie." Acute criticism is not damaged by a knowledge of facts, or by minute accuracy.

And now for some extended examples of the artists which Mr. Pennell includes. The season has furnished three of these, namely, Lord Leighton—still called Sir Frederick by Mr. Pennell—Charles Keene, and Caran d'Ache. The "Drawings and Studies in Pencil, Chalk, and Other Mediums, by the late Lord Leighton of Stretton, P.R.A.," is an exceedingly handsome folio volume published by the Fine Art Society, and containing forty beautifully reproduced plates. In a brief introduction, Mr. S. Pepys Cockerell remarks that Leighton's industry was "truly staggering." He began at the age of ten, when he was put to study under a drawing-master at Rome, and down to within three days of his death—when he made a study for one of four single figures in panels for a hall, this being the concluding plate in the book—he was never idle. He may be said to have acquired his catholic taste by his wide art-education, for he studied at Berlin, Munich, Frankfurt,

Paris, and Florence. Steiner's influence over him was never quite effaced; but he went far further afield than the master of his youth. The first drawing reproduced is the study of a Byzantine well-head, dated 1852. Another excellent sample of his early work is reproduced herewith. It is the study of a head reclining, drawn with lead-pencil on white paper, for the picture of "Romeo and Juliet." The model was a youth named Vincenzo, who posed for the study at Rome in 1854. The original is the property of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. It is very interesting to note the building-up of an idea by a series of studies. Thus we see how he conceived "Daphnephoria," "Iphigenia," "Whispers," "The Bath of Psyche," "The Spirit of the Summit," and "Flaming June." The portfolio will appeal to all art-technicians, who also will be able to appreciate its detail. Only five hundred copies have been issued.

Mr. Pennell himself is responsible for the handsome book on "The Work of Charles Keene," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just issued, and which Mr. W. H. Chesson has made useful with a bibliography. It is not everyone perhaps who will be able to endorse Mr. Pennell's opinion that Keene was the greatest English artist since Hogarth. If Keene never received adequate recognition in his lifetime, there is no atonement now

in extravagant praise. Charles Keene was a great artist, greater than some who sit within the sacred grove of the Royal Academy; but he worked only in black-and-white, and was, therefore, not eligible for that august body. He is, however, quite strong enough to stand erect without the aid of Mr. Pennell, whose excessive enthusiasm rather spoils his remarks on Keene's work, which are otherwise generally sound and truthful. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Pennell could not discharge his office without dragging in the name of the *Illustrated London News*, for no other purpose, apparently, than to fling dirt at it. Keene really did very little work for that journal. Mr. Chesson's bibliography is confessedly incomplete, and it could hardly be otherwise. The difficulty of tracing all Keene's early work is very great, but it is not at all necessary to his fame that we should have a perfect list of everything he did in his



AN EARLY STUDY BY LORD LEIGHTON FOR THE PICTURE OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Reproduced by permission from "Drawings and Studies by the late Lord Leighton."

early days. Charles Keene will be chiefly remembered as a humorous artist, and the future historian of English art will look for his work principally in the pages of *Punch*. The present volume is largely made up of selections from *Punch*, but there are many reproductions from unpublished sketches which are of great interest.

Coming to a wider range of Victorian art, the volume of reproductions by the collotype process of some of the pictures in the loan collection exhibited in the Guildhall last year (published by Blades, East, and Blades) is a useful summary. It contains pictures by Constable, Phillip, Landseer, Millais, Rossetti, Sandys, Fildes, Alma-Tadema, Poynter, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, J. E. Christie, J. C. Horsley, W. F. Yeames, G. W. Joy, and others. The fact that 248,000 people visited the exhibition is a proof of the popularity of the pictures represented. The reproductions are good.

As an example of art as practised during the era on the Continent, we get Caran d'Ache's illustrations to "The Story of Marlborough," which Messrs. H. Grevel and Co. have published. The text has been supplied by the Commander-in-Chief's daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolseley, and Caran d'Ache has embroidered it with fifty-two pictures, many of them in colours. Indeed, he shows all his styles. For instance, his sense of the silhouette is very cleverly utilised in picturing the Great Fire of London, where the blackened houses stand out against the lurid sky, and again, where the French cavalry cuts its way through the English lines at night after Oudenarde. For bright colour-effect, nothing could be better than the picture of George the First's entry into London. Miss Wolseley in particular and English readers in general are to be congratulated upon having got this clever Frenchman to illuminate the career of the great Marlborough.

A BRAINY "TURN" AT THE EMPIRE.

The ancient saw concerning "big head and little wit" is irresistibly suggested by a comicality—a freak not of nature, but of man's ingenuity—which has been amusing the audiences at the Empire for some time past. The proverb, however, must not be taken (as too many take it) in an uncomplimentary sense. Those who put that interpretation upon it have but one fault—that of not going far enough. Some may think, by the way, that merely to suggest "big head and little wit" in this connection is going quite far enough—nay, even too far; but perpend, I say, perpend. The saying, in its completeness, runs, "Big head and little wit were never found together yet," so the allusion is all on the side of the funniness, which surely can scarcely be witless, considering the mirth it affords the critical frequenters of the Empire.

This extraordinary head, which is exhibited by the "Kliks," one of whom plays the part of controlling brain to the organism, may possibly have been taken from the basket of some Bröbdingnagian Monsieur de Paris. There is no information on the subject, but, in the absence of a better explanation, that will do as well as any other. Granted that it is so, the old vexed question, "Does the head live after decapitation?" may be held settled once for all—that is to say, a head detached from the body may certainly live, move, and have being, provided you have a "Klik" inside it.

Now figure to yourselves, Messieurs, the entrance of this wonder upon the stage. Three feet six inches is the breadth of its grin, three feet six likewise its measurement from chin to crown, so that it is no dolichocephaloid marvel but of sphairocephaloid. Instinct with life it seems, with rolling eyes and mobile mouth, and, lo! so wonderful are the compensations of art (as well as of nature) that, where limbs are lacking, the heavy drooping

moustachios have taken upon themselves the function of locomotion. Tripping bravely, then, upon these ultra-guardsmanlike appendages, the head advances, escorted by the brother of his soul, the other "Klik," habited after the manner of ordinary mortals, and never, of course, giving

word or sign to indicate that his brother in art is within that mighty brain-pan, except what portion of him is inside the moustache. Needless to say, the portion inside the moustache is that which serves him on ordinary occasions for locomotion.

After salutations, nods and becks and wreathed smiles, the mighty intelligence is minded that without sustenance existence is impossible. In a word, it is feeding-time, for which there is no extra charge. Faithful Brother Klik is ready with provisions suitable to Brother Head's proportions. That Brother Head has no visible envelope for digestive apparatus matters not. Attendant Klik produces a leg of mutton, and presents it to Brother Head, whose eyes roll with delight as he gulps the morsel down. Cabbages, whole venison-pasties, "provant," as Ritt-Meister Dugald Dalgetty would say, of every description goes down holus-bolus before that insatiate jaw. Of the creature's thirst for knowledge we are not informed, but it is only polite to assume that so big a head—which must carry, according to our extended proverb, a correspondingly huge intellect—requires as great a supply of mental as of physical sustenance. What circulating library the creature patronises, or rather, how many libraries, is a point that is not made public, lest, I suppose, readers at these establishments should despair of ever finding a single book they

want, and so, withdrawing their patronage, should go down to an illiterate grave. The Kliks, with their mighty brain-pan, have just concluded a most successful run at the Empire, and have gone to fulfil a pantomime engagement. They return early in the year, however, so that the Empire has only temporarily "lost its head."



THE HEAD ASLEEP.



THE HEAD ANGRY.



THE HEAD ASTONISHED.



THE GREAT HEAD AT DINNER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MAY TYSON.

"Aw!" cried Tom, grinning all over his face as he strolled into the yard. "Kayut is comin' up the layun an' she stavin'. She is goin' everyway. An' she blessin' an' cursin' every three in the hedge as she come along."

The Misthress, standing in her back doorway, did not raise her eyes from the coppers in her hand, but the women scattered around her chuckled gaily.

"What's he sayin' about the lane?" the Misthress asked at last.

"He says that Kete's comin' up the lene, an' she bloind, Mem," replied an untidy Dublin girl beside her.

"That's nothin' new," returned the Misthress.

It was pay-night. The women already paid loitered in the shade of the carts that lumbered the yard, to count their money; the women waiting their turn stood in patient groups around the Misthress, or leaned in a row against the sloping side of the whitewashed house. They were kindly faced, weary old women for the most part, though some, young enough to have children clinging to their skirts, appeared cross and worried. Their ragged clothes hung quaintly on them, and gave them a foreign appearance. "Herself," tall and gaunt, with her apron twisted back to show the big money-pocket underneath, and with a coloured kerchief round her neck, had the tanned, Gipsy face which is a characteristic of the neighbourhood. She was making a rigorous inquiry into the statements of the women regarding the number of hours they had worked during the week; for, as she said herself, "you'd never be up to them."

Tom, the boy about the yard, slouched in and out among the carts, varying the entertainment by occasionally throwing lumps of coke from the heap in the corner at the women. Even this delicious amusement failed him after a time, and he wandered into the empty cow-shed and leaned against a post. He whistled lonesomely.

Outside could be heard the heavy steps of men and women on their way downhill to the public-house which rioted at the bottom. Voices murmuring civil "Good-morrows" or jeering at the early drunken women rose upon the evening air. It was seven o'clock, and September.

At length Kate appeared, staggering triumphantly. She was a tiny woman with a withered face.

"Tipperary!" she called, in recitative, waving her hand with a noble gesture; "Tipperary for evair!"

Her interested audience chuckled and cheered.

She advanced a few steps and almost fell. She steadied herself with an effort. With a wave of her hand and a leering smile, she burst into open song—

I was barn in Tipperary
When I was very young;
An' that it is the reason why
The belarney's on me tongue.

The tune was "The Wearing of the Green"

"Oh, Kate, is it dhrunk y'are? Oh, sure I thought ya took the pledge."

"Naw, Ma'am, I'm nat dhrunk," said Kate, holding on, as to her salvation, to the top of the hen-house. She jerked her head every now and again to give point to her speech. She had a peculiar staccato intonation, though her voice was liquid. "I might have a sup an me, Ma'am; but I'm nat dhrunk."

"But I thought ya had the pledge? Didn't the priest give ya the pledge?"

"Aye, Ma'am; but he ga' me sixpence far takin' it, an' that's what put me on it."

"Wouldn't you be afeared of him now if he came along?" grinned Tom.

"I would not be frekened be any man, woman, ar chaild this minute," cried Kate, swaying to and fro. "Tipperary for evair!"

At that moment a big woman, drunk, and brandishing a pitchfork, took-form in the mist that clung round Kate's eyes. She had been lying unnoticed between the carts, but Tom found her out, and prodded her up to speak for her county.

"Hurra for Cork!" she shouted majestically, whirling the fork above her head. "Hurra for Cork!"

"Oh, my God! Oh, Jasus, Mary, an' Joseph!" cried Kate, falling back.

"Hurra for Cork!" repeated the woman. And Kate went into the drain.

The workers fell against one another, laughing and crowing, and, as for Herself, she was nearly dying. Several men, on their way down to the Swalla', stopped to be cheered and enlivened by the mirth-provoking spectacle. And, indeed, what could be more humorous, in a refined way, than the joyous sight of two poor women, so starved-stomached that a pint of porter could make them forget their troubles, quarrelling drunkenly?

"Open her wid de fark!" called a man wittily.

"Oh, Jasus, Mary, an' Joseph!" moaned Kate, crouched in terror on the ground. "Oh, Mother o' God!"

Cork Mary drunk was a well-known character.

She glanced round her wickedly. She saw the mischievous, half-frightened faces of the women, the stupid grin of Tom, the smile of the Misthress, who took it as a jest, the interested appearance of the men outside. She fingered the fork playfully, and then, with a shudder, she came to herself and threw it heavily away.

She moved back into the yard and addressed the women.

"I might poke the life out of her," she began hoarsely, "an' not one o' ye would raise yeer hand to save her. I might as well be havin' her blood on me sowl this minute; oh! but what was that to ye? Oh, then, may the curse o' God Almighty rest on ye an' on them like ye that take a plisure in tormintin' poor oul' women like her an' me!"

She laughed.

"I have ne'er a home," she cried, weeping. "I have naither childher nor man. It's breakin' me back I am day afther day, weddin', pickin', scufflin', an' far what—far a pinny an hour, wid a curse at th' end of it, maybe. Small blame for me to get dhrunk when I can. Oh, why does God be so dhreadful hard an a harmless, innocent oul' crachure like Mary Doran?"

She paused chokingly. The women, no longer afraid of her, passed by, shrugging their shoulders, and made their way down the lane. The men clamped discontentedly after them. The Misthress, having paid the last of her dues, ordered Tom to "put them cejits out," and disappeared.

Mary helped Kate to her feet. And the pair walked lovingly down the lane to spend what pence were left to them at the Swalla's Nest.

SOME FOREIGN AUDIENCES.

I.—IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Without a doubt, we English differ as much from Americans in our ideas, our ways of considering things, and our general characteristics as a Frenchman differs from a German, or a Portuguese from a Laplander. Indeed, the sole attribute that we really possess in common is our mother tongue, and even that varies in its pronunciation; consequently, it need hardly be added that the majority of American audiences are very unlike their European contemporaries.

I remember pondering this subject as I lounged, concealed from view, in the proscenium of the gorgeous Auditorium Theatre, in Chicago, about a year ago. From where I sat, a good view could be obtained of nearly every part of the house, which was packed. The most noticeable feature was undoubtedly the audience's dowdy appearance. Few were in evening-dress, with the exception of box-holders, who, it must be admitted, made more than amends by their lavish display of diamonds. Certainly no "bloated British dowagers," to quote the polished phrase of the Trafalgar Square tub-thumper, have ever adorned the boxes of Covent Garden as effectively, or so closely resembled the shower of heavenly bodies, as the exquisitely dressed beings that I saw in Chicago. Indeed, the occupants of the Auditorium boxes upon that occasion, and at other times when I have visited Chicago theatres, fairly scintillated with gems, thereby imparting to the general surroundings a lustre which the undressed state of the stalls and of the gloomy tiers in the background considerably enhanced.

It was gratifying to note, however, the frank way in which the audience applauded to a man—or else remained silent. There were no half-measures. Either they liked the play or they did not. The boxes, the stalls, and the gallery "enthused" of one accord, or they one and all held their peace. The well-bred languor so characteristic of stall-holders in the theatres and concert-halls of most European capitals does not exist in Chicago, unless recently imported. They are shrewd-enough critics, too, these Chicago playgoers, and quick to discern "bluff" in the theatres proper as well as in the theatres improper. Twice have I seen raw recruits devoid of action, of elementary elocution—in short, of the feeblest spark of histrionic talent—strive to palm themselves off as "stars" of some magnitude by "billing themselves to extinction" in advance. In several of the big cities the general public—who, all the world over, need to be told whom to applaud—were completely hoodwinked by the shrewd upstarts, and they cheered vociferously. In due course the "stars" reached Chicago. They have never been there since.

The question may be asked, "Why dissect a Chicago audience when audiences better-educated, more artistic in their tastes, more polished generally, can be found in New York, in Washington, in Boston, and in other cities in the Eastern as well as in the Central States?" The answer simply is, Because New York has European ideas, Washington represents only one class of Americans, and Boston differs completely from every other city in the United States. On the other hand, Chicago, perhaps the most marvellous city in the whole of the great Continent, contains a more thoroughly representative American mixed population than any other city in America; Missouri with St. Louis and Ohio with Cincinnati not excepted, nor even Louisiana of the Southern States with New Orleans.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE LAST 'BUS.



AN OFFER.

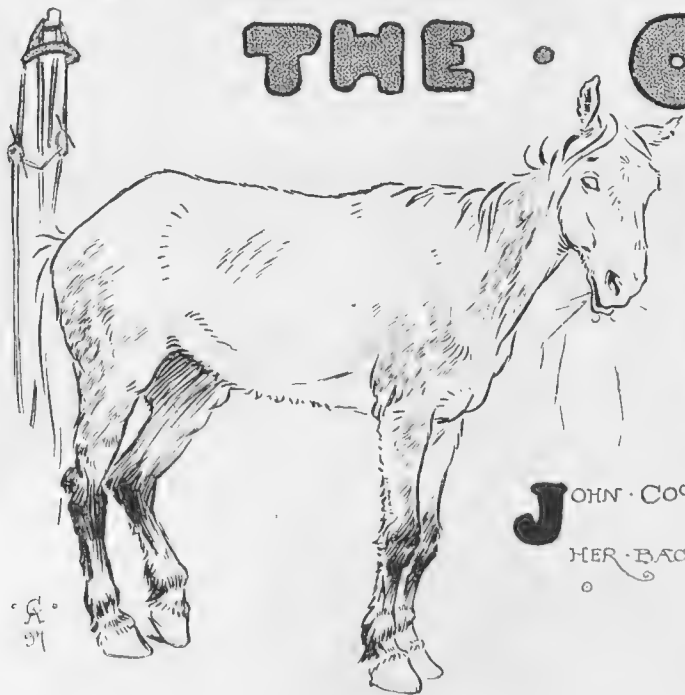
"My good man, I will give you twopence if you will take my little Fido and see if he's mad."



TRAMP : I ain't 'ad a bite to-day, Capt'n.
ENTHUSIASTIC ANGLER : Wrong bait, I expect. Try a worm.

SONGS • FOR • THE • KIDDIES

THE • OLD —

GREY
MARE

JOHN • COOK • HAD • A • LITTLE • GREY • MARE ,
HE • HAW • HUM :
HER • BACK • STOOD • UP • AND • HER • BONES
WERE • BARE ; HE • HAW • HUM



JOHN • COOK • WAS • RIDING • UP • SHUTERS • BANK • HE • HAW • HUM
AND THERE • HIS • NAG • DID • KICK • AND • PRANK • HE • HAW • HUM



JOHN • COOK • WAS • RIDING • UP • SHUTERS • HILL • HE • HAW • HUM
HIS • MARE • FELL • DOWN • AND • SHE • MADE • HER • WILL • HE • HAW • HUM
THE • BRIDLE • AND • SADDLE • WERE • LAID • ON • THE • SHELF • HE • HAW • HUM
IF • YOU • WANT • ANY • MORE • YOU • MAY • SING • IT • YOURSELF • HE • HAW • HUM

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A ROLL OF MINISTERING CHILDREN.

A CHAT WITH SIR HENRY BURDETT, K.C.B.

It may be predicted that the year 1898 will become remarkable for a great wave of sympathy for the sick poor in our hospitals, which, drawn from the hearts of the little children of these isles, will shortly flood the land. In other words, there is every prospect that a scheme by which the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund will be augmented by the subscriptions of our sons and daughters will prove a huge success.



SIR HENRY BURDETT.

Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

The idea originated in the practical mind of Sir Henry Burdett, who has devoted a large part of his life to the interests of hospital charities and nursing institutions. He was mainly instrumental in raising the Hospital Sunday Fund last year to the unprecedented total of sixty thousand pounds. He was the first to organise the present successful system of trained nurses, and he was also the founder of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. These are a few of the most prominent products of his resourceful brain in eleemosynary organisation.

Now, Sir Henry Burdett's present scheme is that all children, irrespective of rank, wealth, or position, should become regular subscribers of small sums to the hospitals through the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. In order to interest the parents and the children in becoming such subscribers, he proposes that every child should purchase a specially prepared little stamp-album (price sixpence, and now to be obtained everywhere) and insert a shilling and a half-crown hospital stamp therein, and afterwards sign his or her name in the book. When this has been done, the child is entitled to have its photograph taken gratuitously by Messrs. Speaight, of 178, Regent Street, who have generously offered to take a hundred thousand midget photographs, if required, without charge, and who will insert a copy of the portrait in the album, as well as place another copy of the photograph, with the autograph of the child, on the Great Roll of Subscribers for presentation to the Prince of Wales when the whole roll of a hundred thousand portraits and signatures proposed is complete.

In order that I might hear the fullest particulars of the scheme from the originator himself (writes a *Sketch* representative), I called on Sir Henry Burdett at his charming house in Portchester Square. He told me that his idea had caught on tremendously. The best of auguries was the fact that the Duke of York had instantly adopted the idea, and had sent for Messrs. Speaight to Sandringham to photograph Prince Albert and Princess Victoria of York, so that they might be the first children to appear on the Roll of Ministering Children. Nor did Messrs. Speaight return to town before their services had been requisitioned by Canon Hervey's daughter and the children of the Countess of Leicester.

"There seems every prospect that the scheme will, like a snowball, grow bigger and bigger the further it rolls. We want it to roll into every nook and corner of the country. We want representative children of every position, from royal circles down to the humblest cottage. We want all the heads of the dramatic profession to come forward and enlist in the work. We desire also to interest the great employers of labour, such men as Sir Blundell Maple and Sir Thomas Lipton; indeed, everyone who can influence the families of the working-man, whatever his position. Of course, our first object is to add subscribers to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund; but we have other objects in mind. It is claimed that the mere practice of acts of mercy induces a merciful spirit among children; indeed, we should all be better men and women if we, in our childhood, had been taught never to let a day pass by without trying to do one kind action at least before we laid our heads to rest. It is worthy of note, too, how much more intimately children are connected with hospitals than they were twenty-five years ago, through the great advance of surgical skill operations on children being now successfully performed which formerly would never have been thought possible.

"And then there is another aspect of the movement proposed, for the stamp-album will afford an immense amount of amusement and a fund of interest wherever any number of children congregate. You will note that the little album has leaves for ten years' subscriptions, and you may like to know that the stamps each year will be of different patterns. However, I want to speak of a much more important matter, and that is the refusal of the Secretary of the Post Office to permit of these hospital stamps being employed when desired in place of the ordinary penny postage-stamp. It is a most extraordinary piece of red-tapeism, you will say, when I tell you that we are willing to pay five thousand pounds per annum to the department for the privilege, a sum which would actually pay the salary of the Secretary of the Post Office four times over. It is a fact, that he is the only head official who sets his face against us. The Duke of Norfolk is quite agreeable to the proposal, and

has shown much sympathy with us, commending the scheme to all the employees of the General Post Office."

"I hope the matter will be threshed out in Parliament."

"I hope so, too. Now, I must tell you that I am sending a circular to the Mayors of all towns in England and Wales having more than ten thousand inhabitants, asking them to take charge of so many leaves of the proposed royal album, and to interest everyone within their respective municipal jurisdictions, while Messrs. Speaight are busy appointing photographers in these towns as their agents."

"I should think you will experience no difficulty in getting together one hundred thousand children subscribers."

"Well, we hope not. But besides this particular roll, we are getting up another, with the same machinery of stamp-album, autograph, and photograph, among the young men and maidens who attained their majority last year—the record year of the Queen's reign. It is calculated that there were in the United Kingdom 750,000 young people who became twenty-one years of age last year. Of these, Messrs. Martin and Sallnow, of 416, Strand, have promised to take a hundred thousand gratuitously."

"Well, the hospitals should soon get out of debt, at this rate."

"Yes. We contemplate a still further roll, to embrace the names and photographs of another hundred thousand actual working men and women. In most workshop collections for hospitals the identity of the donor is entirely sunk, but in the roll proposed each subscriber will have a distinct personality and individuality. Besides, it is particularly worthy of note that each album which finds its way into proper hands constitutes the holder an annual subscriber to the hospital; and this is a matter of greater consequence than it would at first seem to be when I tell you that free relief at hospitals is to be more regulated than heretofore. It having been found that the generosity of the hospitals in giving gratuitous advice and medicine has been too frequently abused by persons well able to pay, the authorities are contemplating the appointment of an inquiry officer to every hospital, whose duty it will be to ascertain if an applicant is a fit and proper person to be gratuitously treated."

"Well, your league ought to bring many thousands to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, for no object of charity is more popular, I should think, than the hospitals; while there is no more popular person in the whole Empire, the colonies included, than his Royal Highness."

"That remark reminds me that even a Colonial Roll is under consideration. It may seem a far cry from the provinces and from the colonies to the hospitals of the Metropolis, but you should bear in mind there is a far closer tie and more reciprocity of sympathy between them than would at first appear. Our London hospitals form the great school of surgical and medical education, where not only most of the professional men practising in the provinces and the colonies were trained, but from the same institutions our best trained nurses are drawn."

AMERICAN PLAYERS AT THE LYCEUM.

No fewer than three Americans appear in the cast of "Peter the Great," namely, Mr. Robert Taber (the Alexis), Miss Barrymore (who is the niece of Mr. John Drew), and Miss Ray Rockman. Mr. Taber was born at Staten Island in January 1865 and entirely educated in New York City. His tastes had always inclined theatrewards, and, in spite of all temptations and other previous essays, he was true to his first love, and, deciding to adopt the stage professionally, he made his

MR. ROBERT TABER AS TITO MELEMA
IN "ROMOLA."

début thereon in 1885, as Amiens in "As You Like It," at the Union Square Theatre, to Madame Modjeska's Rosalind. Since then he has played in a variety of parts, for he has been kept quite busy, and among his best and most important rôles are Romeo, Malvolio, Joseph Surface, Master Walter, Benedick, Orlando, Charles Marlowe, Captain Absolute, Hotspur, Julian Beauchere, and Melema in "Romola." Miss Ray Rockman is a Californian of Russian extraction; her father is a well-known physician in America. From her childhood she has been a great student, and is a thorough musician and linguist, having an extensive knowledge of the literature and speaking fluently English, French, Italian, and German. During Sarah Bernhardt's last appearance in New York, about two years ago, Miss Rockman was introduced to the great

tragédienne, who, after carefully examining her, gave her a small part, and subsequently took her to Paris as a member of her company, where she appeared in several rôles at the Renaissance, playing in French, her greatest success being in the part of the Duchess of Liverpool, in "The Snob." Coming to London last season with Madame Bernhardt, at the Adelphi, the great artist introduced her protégée and pupil to Sir Henry Irving.

ATTACK ON FORT DUFFERIN, MANDALAY.

It isn't all drowsy indolence, heavy silence, love, Supi-yaw-lats, and "tinkly temple bells" at Mandalay. A correspondent sends me the accompanying photograph of the dacoits now awaiting trial at the Burmese capital for complicity in the dastardly attack on Fort Dufferin in October last. On Oct. 11, a little after nine o'clock, a band of twenty armed ruffians contrived to enter the fort, and began maltreating a Mrs. Wilson, widow of a sergeant in the Scots. Mrs. Wilson was rescued by Private McLean, but not until she was severely wounded, and McLean, to whom she was to have been married, severely injured. The private, though fearfully hurt, rushed to the quarters of Major Dobbie, who was at dinner, and gave the alarm, thus preventing a wholesale massacre. The gallant Major rushed out, and, after hastily reconnoitring, returned for his revolvers, which his wife had pluckily loaded for him during his brief absence. Thereupon he sallied forth again, and kept the assailants at bay by a brisk fire. He was shortly reinforced by his brother officers, two orderlies, and his dhoby, who fought very sturdily. Poor McLean also returned to the attack, and was mortally wounded. The Major himself accounted for at least five of the dacoits. A survivor who

was taken prisoner declared that there were twenty-five dacoits in the band, which was led by a hpoongyi named U Kyi La That Pwe, who was killed in the fight. He appears to have been a deluded fanatic, believing himself to be none other than the Setkya Mintha, a famous Burmese prince, who was drowned in the Irrawaddy seventy years ago. U's idea was to make himself king, and he cunningly played upon native superstition, as the Burmese look for Mintha's return. Knowing that the people at Mandalay are not so gullible as jungle folk (says the *Mandalay Herald*), he sent out to the neighbouring villages for followers, to whom, feigning miraculous powers, he promised loot galore, and gave out that, once he was seated on the throne, he would become possessed of powers still more marvellous. This was no young man's frolic, for most of the assailants were venerable, one of the slain, who was old enough to have known better, being Nga Kyaw, an old boh, and probable great-grandsire, of seventy. The worst of the business is that too slack a watch seems to have been kept.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

"Beauty and the Beast" is one of the most enjoyable Alhambra ballets that I can recollect. No doubt, after the lovely music of Sullivan in its predecessor, one feels a sense of disappointment as to one aspect of the matter, though M. Jacobi has done his work as cleverly as ever. On the other hand, we have a dramatic story capitally told and admirably mimed and danced. Signor Rossi—no one has forgotten his superb miming in "A Pierrot's Life"—gives a vivid picture of the

merchant who plucked a rose for his dear daughter Beauty, and found his life forfeited to the Beast owner of the flower. When set free in search of a substitute and home again, his account of his adventures is wonderfully graphic. One easily guesses the mission of Beauty to the Beast, who immediately falls in love with her, and tries to win her love, vainly. For when Beauty learns that her father is ill, she hastens home, to return, however, to the Beast, followed by all her family, as soon as she finds that it is pining to death for her. Kisses, I fancy, have caused more deaths than lives, but Beauty's bring to life a young prince in lieu of the Beast, and all is gaiety, lively music, and dancing. The ballet is taken at a prodigious pace: you could not cut a minute out of the seven

tableaux. The costumes are gorgeous and the scenery is handsome. Miss Seale, who, though British, has technique as dancer and a gift for miming, presented the Beast excellently. Signora Cerri, who delighted us by lengthening her skirts in one ballet, has shortened them again: her dancing is an exceedingly good specimen of the work of the great Continental schools, which, unfortunately, seem unable to evolve new ideas. The dresses, by Alias, are very quaint. Nothing could be better, in its way, than the damsels who are robed as roses. Then there are beautiful butterflies, the skirt in front being held up in the hands to represent the outstretched wings. The Prince, tricked out in blue, looks very handsome, and "his" comrades are very charmingly gowned in the last tableau, in which the electric light is manipulated with brilliant effect, notably by the use of Chinese lanterns let down from the top when the scene rises. M. Jacobi got a tremendous reception when he appeared on the scene after his recent illness, which has shaken him a good deal, I think. But in his music I notice no touch of age.



ON THE ROAD FROM MANDALAY.



DACOITS AWAITING TRIAL AT MANDALAY.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ANGLING.

Anglers who may be anticipating the exercise of their favourite pastime in the coming spring will learn with relief that the waters of Lochleven have been almost entirely freed from the water-weed which rapidly spread over its surface in the late autumn. During the gales of the last two or three weeks immense quantities of the plant have been driven ashore, and it is now lying in considerable heaps all along the northern shores of the loch. It is locally believed that the plant could not have been, as was generally supposed, the Canadian water-weed, which for a period of from five to seven years, during the time it maintains its vigour, would be practically ineradicable. The intention of clearing out the weed by dredging operations has been abandoned, as Nature has applied an effectual remedy, and it is now hoped that the weed is about to disappear as suddenly as it came.

RACING NOTES.

Winter betting on the Derby has been of little account since Common's year. A few quotations have recently been compiled, but these are unworthy of serious notice. I am glad to hear from Newmarket that Dieudonne (said at one time to have been a roarer) is as sound as bell-metal, and he is growing into a fine colt. The best of John Porter's three-year-olds will have to be reckoned with, and John Dawson has a smart colt in Disraeli. Of the fillies Nun Nicer is very likely to win the Oaks for Sir J. Blundell Maple, who deserves a turn in fortune's wheel.

I have referred before to the hard lot of the professional cross-country jockeys, and now I am told that some owners want them to ride for nothing. I do think the riding fees under National Hunt Rules ought to be modified, as three pounds for a losing mount and five pounds for a winning one would, in my opinion, pay the professionals much better than the present high scale in the long run. The fact of the matter is, little owners cannot race at a profit in the winter owing to the big expenses and small prizes, and only those stables are worked at a profit where nothing has to be paid to jockeys.

Mr. Reginald Ward, who is one of the most fearless riders we have, is to be congratulated on having won on Regret at Kempton Park. I had long given up the case of this horse as hopeless; but he is evidently smart when caught in the humour. The Earl of Dudley owns a share in the animal, and it may be that his lordship will presently return to the sport in earnest, as he is very fond of steeplechasing and is himself a good rider. Many people think Regret will make a good steeplechaser; but, in my opinion, the horse is not built that way, and I should expect to see him break his back if he were put at Bechers Brook.

We shall soon be getting some betting on the Spring Handicaps; but wise speculators will not meddle with those races until the acceptances have appeared. I am told that the Continental men drove a big business in the double event, Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, before the entries were out, and the London agents of the foreigners will help to make early favourites by taking a price about the horses they stand to lose most over. It seems that most of the big Continental bets are hedged in London, which will account for horses that on paper have little chance being sometimes elevated into first-favouritism.

I am told on good authority that many of the racing clubs can boast a full complement of members for 1898. Members' subscriptions form the biggest item of income to meetings like Kempton Park, Sandown Park, and Hurst Park, and it must be admitted that the members get full value for their money, as they see the racing, under comfortable conditions, at a far cheaper rate than the frequenters of Tattersall's ring do. Then, again, the members travel by their own special, avoiding the riffraff of the course. Further, they have advantages in the matter of entering horses at a reduced price in certain races. It pays a gentleman to join the racing clubs.

A lot has been written of late in reference to the figure system and breeding, which reminds me of a little pet scheme of mine. I think each owner who registers racing colours should be given a number, which should be worked on the collar of the jacket. For instance, let the Prince of Wales have No. 1; and go right through the list of owners; these numbers to be always used in races. The public would soon pick up the numbers by the aid of a guide, and the question, "What's that?" now so often used in the paddock, would no longer be heard. I commend the idea to the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

The horses-for-courses theory has worked out so well in practice of late years that many good judges think the handicappers should give to a horse a bit extra weight over his favourite battle-ground. We have seen horses win easily at, say, Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby, that could not win at all at Newmarket or Sandown. I think any horse having won over a course should put up a five-pound extra whenever he ran over the same course again, and that, too, in addition to any weight allotted in a handicap.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE KILKENNY HUNT.

The history of a pack of hounds has generally not more than local interest, but the recently published "Memoir of the Kilkenny Hunt" contains some items that appeal to people who know not Kilkenny and do not hunt. A notable link with the past is Mr. Robert Watson's Mastership of the Carlow and Island Hounds (which, by the way, he has held for fifty-two years). Mr. Watson's grandfather was also Master of a pack of hounds with which he chiefly hunted *wolves*. Some of the Cumbrian Fell packs attribute their origin to organised endeavour by the farmers to destroy the wolves that preyed on their flocks, but, so far as I have heard, the Carlow and Island is the only pack whose descent from a wolf-hunting establishment is really authenticated. They were lively people in the County Kilkenny fifty years ago. Charles Lever, I think, makes one of his heroes ride his horse upstairs and jump the dinner-table. This exhilarating feat, so gratifying to the proprietor of the house, and so pregnant with exciting possibilities for anyone below, was actually performed by Henry, Lord Waterford, the scene of the exploit being the present "commercial-room" of the Club House Hotel in Kilkenny, then the rendezvous of the county Hunt Club. We all know that loss of sight brings some compensation in enhanced acuteness of the other senses, but I think the acme of delicate hearing was attained by Mr. Hewetson Dixon, a member of the Kilkenny Hunt, who had been totally blind from his twelfth year. He was an excellent judge of a horse's make and shape, and could actually tell by its step when a friend was riding a new horse. This remarkable man used to hunt regularly, piloted by any friend who would call out the fences to him during the run.

COURSING.

The greyhound Maney Starlight is a handsome red dog, by Royal Scot out of Bessie Dent. He was born in January 1893, and is the property of Mr. H. C. While, of Maney, Sutton Coldfield. Maney



MR. H. C. WHILE'S GREYHOUND MANEY STARLIGHT.

Starlight has never appeared on the show-bench, as he is a coursing dog; in February 1896 he won the Sutton Stakes (sixteen runners), at Newport, Salop.

A NONSENSE RHYME.

The vogue of the nonsense rhyme is in the ascendant. One of the most ingenious of the series is Mr. Arthur Egerton Cotton's queer creation, printed in Hertford, but with Simkin, Marshall, etcetera's name on the title-page. It hits on the excellent plan of personifying an idea instead of idealising a person, which is the usual way. This tale, "The Trubbals," is illustrated by a grotesque picture of a creature that never was on sea or land.

Trubbals go about in herds,
Like a flock of little birds;
Nothing stops them in their course,
Even flints and prickly gorse
Don't impede them on their way
As they waddle on all day,
For their feet are hard as nails,
And not flabby, like their tails.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Jan. 12, 5.13; Thursday, 5.15; Friday, 5.16; Saturday, 5.18; Sunday, 5.19; Monday, 5.21; Tuesday, 5.23.

In days gone by children were taught to honour their parents. Nowadays, the parents themselves are expected to honour not merely their children, but their children's cheques as well. Such, at least, I gather to be the case, if a certain country magistrate, whose name I am reluctantly compelled to omit, is to be looked up to as an unbiassed arbiter in the action *Child and Another v. Parent*, lately decided. It seems that a precocious infant of six feet nothing was one day advised by his family physician to "take to the bicycle" as a means of curing dyspepsia or some such ailment from which indiscreet youth is wont periodically to suffer. Therefore, it appears, the precious "patient" proceeded to purchase, for the sum of thirty pounds or so, a fairly good machine; but when the cheque was presented for payment at a bank, where, by some freak of fate, the said infant's father happened to be manager, lo! the parent became irate, and referred the cheque to drawer. In due course, the cycle-maker naturally brought an action against the infant's father for the recovery of the money, pleading that, his customer having been ordered by a medical man to bestride a bicycle for the benefit of his health, it then and there became incumbent upon the youth to obtain a machine by hook or by crook, if his life was to be spared, and consequently the bicycle itself became *de facto* a necessary, and therefore liable to be paid for by the parent.

In the course of his own defence, the father laid stress upon three important points. To begin with, he said, he had not authorised his infant boy to buy a bicycle, and, until he had seen the cheque, he had not even known that the doctor had advised his son to ride a bicycle, or that his son contemplated buying one; secondly, he maintained that the boy's illness was not of a serious nature, and that, such as it was, it had been contracted mainly owing to the youth's carelessness and stupidity; and thirdly, he declared that his son needed nothing more bracing than fresh air and walking exercise, "say, a daily stroll in Kew Gardens and a blow on the river," to restore him to rude health. The magistrate, however, thought otherwise. He considered that a spin on a bicycle in Battersea Park must be more grateful and comforting and more likely to touch the spot than merely a trip to Battersea on a plebeian penny-steamer. So he at once decided in favour of the plaintiff, and added insult to injury by advising the defendant "to have, in future, more consideration, respect, and regard" for his boy. He wound up by ordering the seemingly ill-conditioned parent to pay in full the sum claimed, as well as the entire amount of the costs, and all that, mind you, without giving the parent the option of going to prison. Truly England must be going to the dogs—Dum-Dum bullets notwithstanding.

"John Doe and Richard Roe" are in their dotage, and "my black horse Dobbin" is steadily being relegated to oblivion. Mr. John A. Williamson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, solicitor, of the first part, is, no doubt, aware of this, and, in order to keep abreast of the times, he has lately written a capital little pamphlet, "The Rights and Liabilities of Cyclists," which is published by Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, of St. Bride Street, Ludgate Circus, and is already in its third edition. The writer, being also Chief Consul C.T.C., Northumberland, naturally knows the exact points upon which cyclists more especially need enlightenment, and his manual will be found by all wheelmen to form a useful addition to their library of literature on cycling. Every cyclist, indeed, ought to be conversant with the general laws relating to his pastime if he wishes to coast quietly through life. That eccentric vocal acrobat with whose works all the article clerks in England—all the *apprentici ad legem*, to give them their legal title—are only too well and yet too imperfectly acquainted (I refer to the illustrious Mr. Blackstone of Commentary fame) himself tells us somewhere that "it is incumbent upon everyone to be acquainted with those laws, at least, with which he is immediately concerned, lest he incur the censure as well as the inconvenience of living in society without knowing the obligations which it lays him under."

Consequently, Mr. John Williamson supplies his cycling readers with many items of extremely useful information immediately relating to the bicycle, as, for instance, the duties of a person who obtains a cycle on hire. According to Mr. Williamson, these duties are briefly as follow—

1. To use the machine in a proper and reasonable manner.
2. To take the same care of it as a prudent and cautious *man* would take. [Pioneer ladies please note.]
3. To return it (a) at the time appointed, or (b) within a reasonable time after request, if no time is agreed upon; (c) in as good condition as it was at the time of hiring, (d) subject to deterioration by reasonable wear and tear and to accidents which have happened through no fault or neglect on the hirer's part.
4. Not to sell, pawn, or part with the possession of the cycle.

It seems, at least in America, that there is no limit to the age at which one may learn the art of wheeling. But on the other side the Atlantic they delight in big things. The *Yorkshire Post* is responsible for the following somewhat "tall" story: "Mrs. Deborah Doty is, in her way, quite a unique personage in the world of wheels. She is a hundred and one years of age, and six months ago she made her first attempt to steer a bicycle through a crowded street. Now the old

woman rides it with ease; so says the *Boston Traveller*, which suggests that she is probably, the only person who can boast of having used every vehicle which the century has produced—first, the horse-pillion, then the stage-coach, the canal-boat, the railroad, the steamboat, and now the 'bike.'"

Cyclists are apparently regarded with especial favour in Austria, for I see that a path for their peculiar use has been laid down by the side of the high-road all the way from Gratz to Trieste, a distance of 124 miles. The path is said to be only about a yard in width—a rather narrow one on which to meet a lady with flowing skirts; but perhaps the rational costume will be popular on that route.

Cyclists often find strange resting-places when on tour, but there are few that can boast of having been in the village stocks, like the group of cyclists here depicted. These stocks are situated on the green of the picturesque village of Aldbury, Hertfordshire, and within a few feet of the village pond. There is a tradition that on one occasion, many years ago, a certain grand lady, when passing through this village, was met by a labouring-man, who omitted to pull his forelock or take off his hat to her; the great lady at once ordered him to be placed in the stocks, which was accordingly done. This incident is recorded by Mrs. Humphry Ward in one of her novels. This celebrated author resides in the

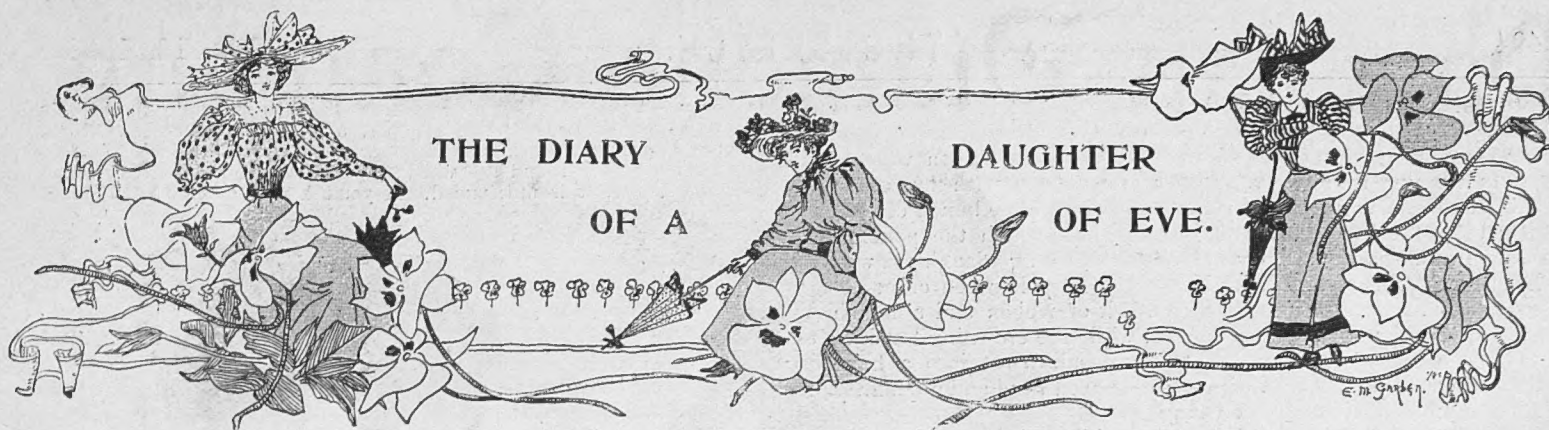


IN THE VILLAGE STOCKS.
Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

vicinity, and her estate, singular to relate, takes the name of "Stocks"; it is one of the few estates mentioned in Domesday Book, and was purchased by Mr. Humphry Ward some six years ago. It has ancient literary associations, having been the residence of Waller, and a seat in the grounds is still called by his name.

Some weeks ago, I gave my opinion on the subject of cows *v.* cyclists. I remarked that the manners of the cows were shocking. It now occurs to me that there may be something in the shape of the curved handle-bars of the modern "safety" which the cow regards as a parody on her own "crumpled horn." This may account for the remarkable animosity displayed by a certain bull towards a riderless machine innocently reclining against a fence. A lady cyclist dismounted and left her machine leaning against a hedge, whereupon a bull in the adjoining field, seeing what he apparently regarded as a caricature of himself left unguarded by the roadside, burst through the hedge, and "went for" that offending bicycle. In a few minutes the work of destruction was complete, and the returning cyclist could scarcely recognise in the debris the form of her much-loved wheel. The case came before the Northampton County Court in an action for damages against the owner of the bull. The defendant won the day, partly on the ground that the bicycle was not on his ground when the damage was done, and that the owner was guilty of contributory negligence in leaving her machine unguarded by the roadside, and partly, as I gather, on the plea that the bull was not a bull! The judge remarked that "if cyclists wait about, leaving their machines by the side of the high-road without protection, they must take the consequences." And, no doubt, as a point of law, the judge was right. Still, from the point of view of public safety, was the farmer justified in keeping a savage animal in a field insufficiently fenced? That the fence was inadequate is clear from the fact of the animal being able to force its way through, and this is surely a menace to public safety. However, the moral for cyclists is, never leave your machine unguarded within possible reach of members of the bovine family, for they regard it as a personal insult and resent it.

Klondyke is to have a typewriting office, a Remington having just been ordered for use there.



THE DIARY

OF A

DAUGHTER

OF EVE.

Monday.—London did not look particularly appetising as we droned into it this afternoon. The most beautiful spectacle at the station was Julia in a coupé waiting for me. She somewhat marred the pleasure of our meeting by explaining that her attention was induced by a desire that I should go with her immediately to Jay's sale. This was ridiculous of Julia when I was yearning for my tea, and when I wanted to personally explain to her how cream-coloured were the cliffs, how blue was the sky, and how yellow the sun at Bournemouth. She would have none of it. "Cease your babble of green fields and come to my feast of remnants, where there is a flow of souls," said Julia the prosaic. So I followed in her footsteps; but, just to prove the superior strength of my character, I stopped for five minutes to drink that cup of tea and tarried a while at Marshall and Snelgrove's. It was about half-past five, and the shop had just begun to wear a deserted air, when purchasing was a pleasing possibility and not a battle-royal. After much leisurely lounging, Julia decided to bestow extensive patronage on a black-and-white striped merveilleux at 1s. 11d. a yard. This she is going to have made up into a tea-gown, with an over-dress of ivory lace and a big collar of white chiffon with little rufflings of ivory lace set at inch intervals, a style which she is to copy from a gown of Ada's. Julia never had yearnings after originality; she is perfectly satisfied to imitate anybody else's ideas so that they please her, but this black-and-white silk is very cheap and very good. I had sufficient energy left to recognise that; although I was exceedingly tired, my fatigues did not prevent me too from observing the advantages of a length of pale-blue material for 8s. 6d., sufficient to make a dressing-gown; it will look well with a white surah front and a large lace collar. Very cheap, too, in this department I found some crêpe canvas at 1s. 11d. a yard, and I bought a dozen yards of Brussels appliqué, six inches wide, at 3s. 11d. This, mounted on chiffon, will make delightful fichus, and it may also be recommended for summer blouses. I take my fashions very soft just now; the hard glitter of the sequin asserts itself too boldly for my taste—"give me lace and net and chiffon," cry I. I am not answered in the best sense of the word: they don't give them to me, they permit me to purchase, and I did purchase to-day largely. Then we went to Jay's, and interviewed with much pleasure the ready-made black silk and satin skirts, cut as only Jay's know how to cut skirts, and also found a charming model bodice in cream lace and chiffon trimmed with chinchilla, over which Julia and I

disputed loudly and long, until sheer exhaustion made me give in and permit her the privilege of securing it. And then I struck, and insisted upon being taken home to rest, when I discovered that during my absence some kindly friend had sent me a huge box of chocolates, and I set to devouring them, an occupation which I have been pursuing now for an hour. The best principles of the Röntgen rays ought to be applied to chocolates. It is so disappointing to want cream and find too late that you have selected nougat. Surely the greatest scientific discovery of the age could be devoted to no better purpose than the unravelling of such mysteries.

Wednesday.—My every thought is filled with "Peter the Great." I went to the Lyceum Theatre last night, and I have been eating, drinking, sleeping Peter ever since. He has taken a strong hold upon what I am pleased to call my imagination. He is a man with a big heart, and a big purpose, and a big life. It is a great subject this conflict of the wills and purposes of father and son, and Laurence Irving is a remarkable man, and Henry Irving is a—well, never mind, I shall go down to my grave chronicled "gusher" if I say what I really think of Irving as an actor. He was a revelation in this part, as one emotion after another flitted across his expressive face in the soliloquy when he deliberates as to whether he shall kill his son or let him live. He looked magnificent, too, in his loose clothes, standing out in characteristic contrast with the soldiers in their stiff uniforms and his son in his prim Puritanical dress.

Ellen Terry is a bewitching person, whether in her gorgeous gown of red-and-gold brocade, flounced with ermine and draped Watteau style over a petticoat of turquoise blue and gold, or in her tawny-tinted velvet coat and knickerbockers, or in her loose long cloak of green with its hood of purple. My soul is possessed of an absolute ignorance concerning Russian modes, and hitherto I had been tempted to think they were closely connected

with blouses and tunics. Miss Barrymore looked wonderfully pretty in her boy's dress of pale-blue velveteen embroidered in silver and rose-pink knickerbockers. Advanced bicyclists would do well to copy the outlines of her costume when they insist upon gracing (!) their machines in divided skirts. Her knickerbockers are full and baggy, and the long coat is cut with discretion. I must go and see "Peter the Great" again; there is so much great thought in it which I could not absorb all at once.

Friday.—My family is wonderfully hospitable. Florrie kept me up till four o'clock this morning seeing me entertain her friends in



COSTUME OF BRIGHT BLUE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH FOX AND MAUVE VELVET PIPINGS AND YOKE.

excellent fashion, mostly round a roulette-table with intervals for supper of capital detail and much gossip of clothes and theatres. Florrie wore a new dress of black velvet striped with white velvet, with a watered line of satin running through it. It is a pretty dress, with flounces of white chiffon covered with frills of yellow lace, and a huge bunch of pink roses tucked into the front of the décolletage, over which the pouched bodice sets in bib-fashion. Mrs. Hamilton's young daughter well exemplified the charms of simplicity in a frock of pale-green crêpe-de-Chine sun-pleated from bust to hem, with a belt of ribbon and a bunch of mauve violets at one side of her bodice, while the crowning touch of grace was the coiffure closely waved to her head, to set into a huge eight-shaped knot at the neck. Given a well-shaped head and a quantity of hair, this is an ideal style for the young girl.

Gertie was of the company, full of her children's party for next week, and dressed in a black chenille-spotted net trimmed with black velvet ribbons; while a sweet-faced bride with shining violet eyes wore a white satin gown with long scarves of lace hanging from the waist to the hem, and the bodice decorated with a fichu of chiffon edged with lace tied into a bow at one side. Julia wore a new dress from Jay's. Quite a triumph it is, too. It is of black satin decorated with velvet flowers and jet sequins. The bodice is cut heart-shaped into a point at the waist off the shoulders, and filled up with white tulle striped with bouillonnées. Straps of the velvet flowers head the tight sleeves, which are made of jet-embroidered net edged with white lisse, and the distinctive note recognisable by the connoisseur as "Mr. Hiley" is given by a bow of pale-blue ribbon and a bunch of roses tied on one shoulder. That man is undoubtedly a real artist.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

SILVER MIST.—I have seen some very superior woven silk under-bodices, trimmed with fanciful silk crochet lace, at Woolland's, Lowndes Terrace, Knightsbridge. These are French, and are to be obtained in pink or blue or white. The only



[Copyright.]

LIBERTY SATIN TEA-GOWN WITH LACE SHAWL DRAPERY.

doubt that I have in my mind is whether any of them are high in the neck. However, when you come to town, you might as well go over there and see them; altogether, the lingerie department here is a joy to the extravagant and the tasteful.

GADFLY.—A perfectly charming pattern of nightgown, quite simple of detail, is to be found at Lady Brooke's dépôt, 58, New Bond Street. It has a transparent lace yoke which you can line with net if you are liable to catch cold easily, and a ribbon round the waist; beyond this and short frills round the throat and sleeves, it is untrimmed. If you ask them to show you the model I



[Copyright.]

CEDAR-BROWN CLOTH DRESS WITH VELVET FACINGS.

like very much and have patronised extensively, they will know which it is. The white material I prefer is French muslin, but nainsook wears very well. The material for silk petticoats to take the place of flannel ones is called "Zenana," and they have several remnants of it at the present moment at Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street. It varies in price—I think it is about five shillings, but I am not quite certain; in any case, it is double width, and quite the best material you could choose. It wants lining with pongee silk, which you can also get at Marshall and Snelgrove's. An excellent quality of this latter is to be obtained here for 1s. 3d. a yard, twenty-seven inches wide.

CANDIDA.—The laundry that I recommended last week is one of which I have an excellent personal knowledge. It is managed by Miss Newman, and is known under the name of the Munster Park Laundry, Gowan Avenue, Fulham. The work is really very superior, special attention being paid to fine underclothes, babies' clothes, lace frills, &c. You will not find the charges at all dear for the quality of the work, and one of their greatest advantages is that they never lose your things; they are perfectly accurate in returning whatever you send, not a common virtue among laundries.

FEATHERWEIGHT.—It is too early to wear straw; a velvet toque embroidered in jet I should like, with some ostrich feathers at one side. Some of the newest hats have crowns entirely made of flowers and leaves; and let me cordially recommend you to go to Kate Reily's, 11, Dover Street, and see if she has any of her millinery left. She was selling it off, even the best of it, at very cheap rates, when I was there the other day.

GRACIA.—Under the circumstances, I recommend black satin, both for the stays and the petticoat. Trim the stays at the top with a piece of real lace lined with a piece of coloured ribbon. Trim the petticoat at the hem with flounces of the same colour as you choose for the stays, and always use ribbon of the same shade again for your underclothes. Black silk stockings are to be bought from Marshall and Snelgrove, in Oxford Street, for 8s. 11d.—at least, I think that is the present price, and I know, if you get your stockings there, that you may rely upon them being of good quality.

VIRGINIA.

A beautiful little book on the Royal Gardens at Kew in all seasons of the year has just been issued by Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward. Its pictures are from photographs by Mr. W. J. Mills, and Mrs. S. Goldney has written some verses for it.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

MONEY.

Owing to the liberation of moneys after the turn of the year, the tendency of the market was distinctly easier, short loans being negotiated at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and, for fixed dates, $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The general feeling, however, is that money will become dearer ere long, and this idea was somewhat strengthened by withdrawals of gold for South America and expectations of further amounts being required in the same direction. The various rumours regarding the Chinese Loan are tending to disturb the market, for it is recognised that, in the event of its flotation, either by Great Britain or any other European Power, it will have a considerable influence in directing the course of the Money Market while it is being carried through.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The dividend distributions for the past half-year, as far as they have been announced up to the time of writing, are very satisfactory. In no instance has there been a retrogressive movement, but, on the other hand, several of the institutions, thanks to the dearer money which ruled during the half-year, have been able to improve upon the distribution made at the corresponding period of 1896. As regards London banks,

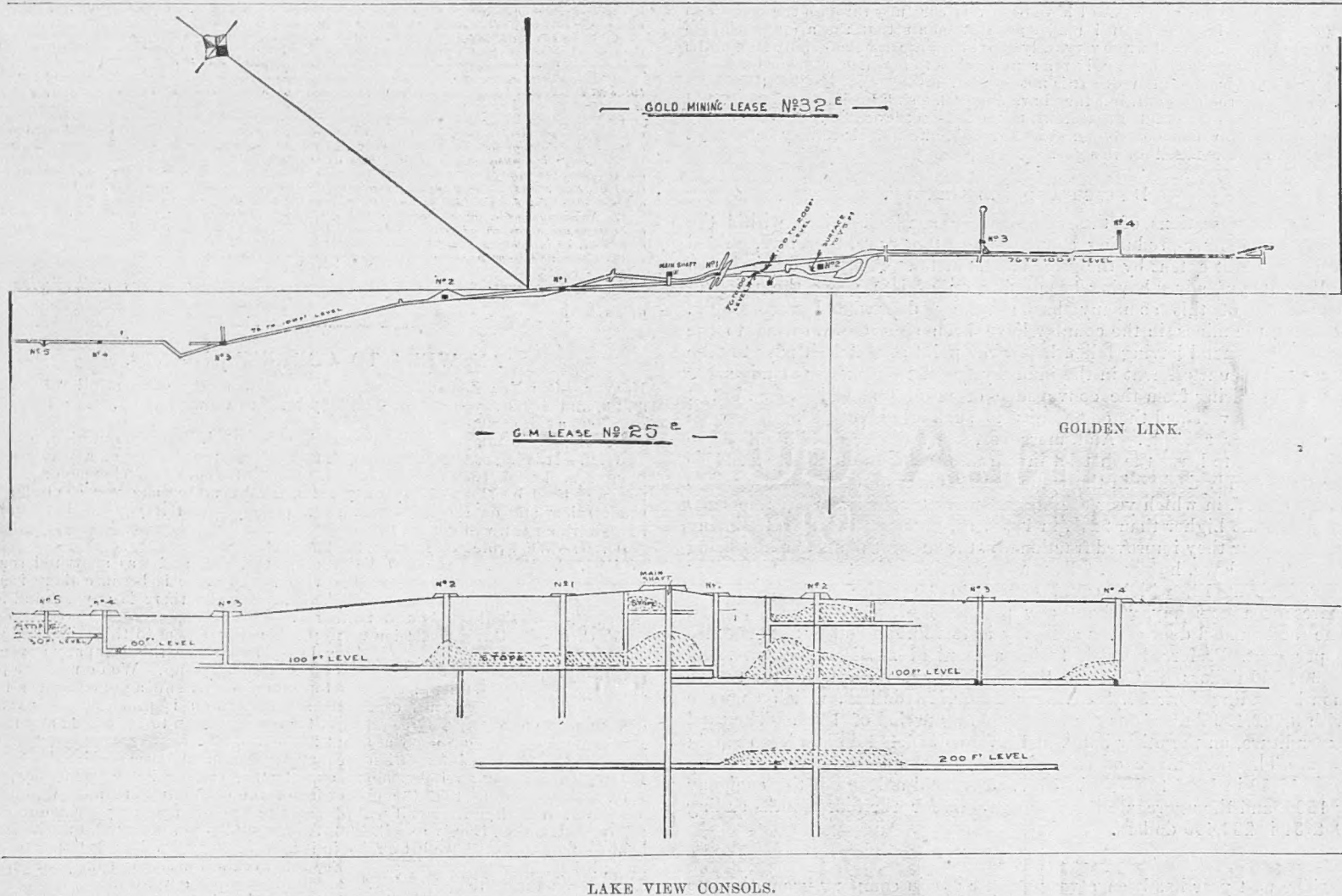
Midland £5176. Dividend forecasts are now becoming pretty rife, and there seems to be a consensus of opinion that higher distributions will be made by some of the companies. In no cases do we think that the increases will be more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as the directors will probably be more likely to adopt the safer policy of strengthening reserves in view of the uncertain condition of the labour question. From the figures at our disposal it would seem probable that small increases will be made by the Great Eastern, Brighton, London and South-Western, and South-Eastern. The heavies are a doubtful element, but we cannot think that, in spite of all the difficulties in their way, the big traffic increases will fail to produce something additional in the way of dividends.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

This week we are able to publish, thanks to the courtesy of our late Westralian correspondent, Mr. Raymond Radclyffe, the underground plans of the Lake View Consols Mine and his interesting remarks upon the much-vexed question of the Golden Link, and whether the Lake View lode will ever dip into the ground of the Golden Link Company. In our succeeding issues we hope to publish the underground plans of the other two important mines, the Ivanhoe and the Great Boulder.

THE LAKE VIEW AND OTHER THINGS.

I notice in some of the financial papers that shareholders are crying out for some society to be established which shall be prepared always and for ever, at



the London and Westminster has declared its dividend at the rate of 13 per cent., against 12 a year ago, while the City Bank and the Union Discount have also improved their distribution to a similar extent. The banks doing business in the provinces have also benefited during the half-year by the monetary conditions. The London Midland pays at the rate of 17 per cent., against 16 per cent. in 1896, and the North and South Wales Bank has distributed 15 per cent. for the year, which compares with $13\frac{1}{4}$ for the previous year. These results, we think, will prove a fairly good index of what may be expected from the other institutions whose announcements are not yet made.

HOME RAILS.

A better tone has been infused into this market again by the more optimistic feeling with regard to the engineering troubles, especially in the securities of the Scotch companies, which have had a fairly good advance. Nothing definite, however, has transpired, while we write, as to the settlement of the difficulties. But these rumours answer their purpose, and serve to keep up the continuity of the see-saw movement which has been going on for such a long time. Home Rails seem to us to be well worth their present prices on their merits for the near future, the traffic returns being not only well maintained, but, in some instances, showing substantial improvements. Thus, North-Eastern disclosed an increase in the last published returns of no less than £14,623, and the

any moment and under any circumstances, to give those who have put money into West Australian mines full and accurate information about the mines. I do not wish to be insulting, but I cannot help remarking that the man who puts money into mines must *prima facie* be considered a gambler, and that in most cases he is also a fool. It would be a pleasant thing if we could obtain accurate information as to which horse will win next year's Derby. It would be very desirable could we discover some political prophet who could tell us what the Marquis of Salisbury intends to do in the East. To say what a reef or a horse or a diplomat will do is, in our present state of civilisation, more or less impossible. But the directors of the Lake View are expected to tell us whether the lode at the 300-feet level dips into the Golden Link ground, and have been expected to tell us for some months past. Poor directors! Why, they cannot even tell their shareholders the value of the ore in sight. They stated at the last meeting that it averaged two ounces to the ton, thus showing that they never read their *Sketch*, because we stated very distinctly that the ore in sight would hardly go more than one ounce all through.

We give a little sketch of the Lake View this week, by which it will be seen that the lode is going down more or less vertical, and that, so far from its going into the Golden Link, it is trending away to the eastward. A small bulge may be seen in that portion of the reef which is nearest the neighbouring block; but this bulge is only to be found in the 100-feet level, and at the 200-feet the reef has resumed its vertical position.

The map is drawn upon a very small scale, but even upon this diminutive map there is plenty of room for a considerable westward dip without causing Callaghan any anxiety. There is practically no work done upon the reef at the 300-feet level, and, even supposing that the *Financial Post* be correct in its information and that the reef is dipping, it would not prove anything. The reef did dip at the 100-feet, just where the dip was most dangerous, but it

recovered itself long before it came near the Link. It may dip again, but I say that, so far as one can know anything about mining, the Lake View lode is a vertical lode, which overlaps in a curious manner every now and then. Some weeks ago, I fully described the lode, and gave ample details as to its width and value; I then said that no work had been done on the 300-foot level, and I again say that at this depth the mine is an unknown quantity. Shareholders should chuckle at all the "bear" rumours now going the round of the Press. Nothing should suit them better than to see their shares at £5. To buy at this price would be like picking up sovereigns.

The Lake View has in sight an enormous body of oxidised ore which goes an ounce to the ton. It has an untouched asset in the Australia sulphide lode, and it has also its other rich sulphides in the north-west of the main lode. I notice one paper says that the engineer of a neighbouring mine has been refused permission to inspect the Lake View. I do not believe it. Anyone can go down either the Lake View or the Boulder. The managers are only too proud to show their mines. Charles Kaufman is still, I believe, consulting engineer to the Lake View, though he is no longer connected with the Globe. If it be true that he is now the holder of 30,000 Horseshoes, surely he could allow his engineer a permission never refused to anyone else. The amount of rubbish that is written by English (and Australian) papers about the Hannan Mines passes all comprehension. It is so easy to find out facts that one can only admire the diligence with which City Editors invent fiction. I can understand why Kaufman buys Horseshoes. He knows that the Ivanhoe main lode will possibly be found in the Horseshoe ground, and he may also know that the directors of the Lake View might have more than once considered the advisability of purchasing such a good prospect as the Horseshoe.

I hope in a few weeks to publish a plan of the Horseshoe, the Ivanhoe, and the Great Boulder, which will explain clearly the exact strike of the lodes and their position in the leases. There ought really to be no difficulty in any shareholder obtaining information about such well-known mines. I see no reason why directors should object to giving the Press the fullest information also. It is an almost invariable rule that when a manager tells lies about his mine he is ashamed of it. Directors, of course, never know anything. No manager ever tells his directors the truth. It would be foolish waste of time. I see that the Brownhill people are gassing about their nice little mine and the enormous value of the ore. As I have been very carefully through the assay-map of this mine, I smile when I read such statements that the average will be three to four ounces. I wrote very fully about the property some eighteen months ago in *The Sketch*, and I can only refer my readers to my then published notes.

The mine has not altered. It is not so good now as then, because they have been picking the eyes out, but they have done some sinking and exploring, and it may be taken for granted that down to the 200-foot level the reef, though very patchy indeed, would go two ounces all through, and that there may be at least 200,000 tons of oxidised ore in sight.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE.

As the operations of this company are confined chiefly within the borders of a silver-producing country, its fortunes are, therefore, guided to a very great extent by the price of this metal. A steady depreciation in the value of silver having been going on of late years, the price of the shares of this company has naturally depreciated accordingly. Many of the mines in the country have been shut down, owing to the price of the metal having fallen below the point at which it pays to take it out. This curtailment in the industry has not only affected adversely the traffic arising from the conveyance of mining materials, &c., but it has also impoverished the community to such an extent as to tell upon the passenger receipts. And, moreover, many of the inhabitants have been obliged to leave the district in search of work in other districts. To show the steady decline in the value of the shares of the company we go back to 1887, in which year the highest point touched was 33½; in 1890 they were no higher than 22½, in 1893, 19, in 1896, 14½, while during the past year they improved fractionally, the highest point touched being 15½. They have, however, fallen away again, and at present are only quoted about 12, which would appear to be quite enough for the shares of a company without any prospects of receiving a dividend. The total funded debt of the company is 43,136,000 dollars; it has also 5 per cent. Preferred Stock to the amount of 23,650,000 dollars, and 38,000,000 dollars of Common Stock. The net receipts for the twelve months ending June 30, 1897, were 2,869,778 dollars, which compare with 3,202,406 dollars for the corresponding period of 1896. The total expenditure, on the other hand, in 1897 was 273,444 dollars less than in 1896. The percentage of expenditure to receipts, however, went up from 57.59 in 1896 to 58.68 in 1897. The total mileage of the company is 1666, and the aggregate increase of traffic for the four months ending Oct. 31 is 280,400 dollars.

NEW CAPITAL.

The past year has been a very prolific one in company promotion, no fewer than 4622 registrations having taken place at Somerset House up to Dec. 24. This compares with 4300 in 1896. The amount of capital, however, represented by the new companies in 1897 falls short of that in 1896 by about twenty millions. July was the most busy month of the year for the registration of new companies, no fewer than 430 being formed, with capital aggregating £28,363,015. Considerable activity again took place in December, when there was a great rush by company promoters to get a job lot of undertakings off their hands before the year expired. There were 357 companies registered, representing capital to the amount of £27,107,706. It does not follow, of course, that all this capital has been subscribed for by the public. If the truth were only known, we fear that a considerable number of failures to catch the public would be disclosed, especially in the cases of those companies that were rushed through at the end of the year.

THE TRUSTEES CORPORATION SCHEME.

At the moment of writing we do not, of course, know whether the meeting of Founders' stockholders in this corporation has passed or rejected the scheme for the reduction of capital proposed by the Board. Founders are unpopular people in these democratic days; but even the best-hated person hesitates to commit suicide for the purpose of obliging

somebody else, unless there is a distinct bargain to provide for his wife and family. In this case the founders are asked to agree to terms which exclude them from all chance of ever getting a dividend, to oblige the ordinary shareholders, who are anxious to obtain something. It may be that out of their generosity the founders will oblige; but our experience of human nature is not such as to make the matter look hopeful.

The scheme appears about as ill-conceived as it can well be, for, while preserving the semblance of the objectionable founders' rights to the damage of the ordinary shares, it really gives the former nothing to induce them to agree. What a pity the matter was not tackled in a broad and liberal spirit, and an effort was not made to get rid of the founders' rights once and for all, either by giving them ordinary shares or by direct expropriation, especially as, should the scheme be rejected, the Corporation is debarred from any hope of the latter course by the very propounding of it!

The fight is sure to be stiff, and the pity of it is that, had the proper course been taken in the beginning, by consulting the Founders' stockholders as to the best method of dealing with the difficulty, all friction could have been avoided and a harmonious arrangement brought about to everyone's satisfaction.

Saturday, Jan. 8, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office*, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOBBLE.—Our New Zealand correspondent speaks most disrespectfully of Nos. 1 and 3, and advises you not to have anything to do with them. The Irene he considers a fair speculation.

A. B.—We think you need have no alarm about the bank in question.

GUN.—It is impossible to discuss in this column the chances of a young man going as a clerk on the Stock Exchange. Certainly there is a chance for him to rise, and French helps. You should get a good firm to take you as clerk at a small salary and on the half-commission principle, and if you are active and hard-working you will get on.

O. M.—We wrote you fully on the 2nd inst.

F. J. C. (Peru).—Your first letter came to hand, and was answered some weeks ago. The reason we leave Peruvian mines alone is because there is no public interest in them in this country. The moment there is any demand for information we shall set about obtaining it.

F. C. P.—(1) Our information corresponds with yours as to this mine, and we think it a fair speculation. (3) As a low-priced share this company appears promising, especially as the crushings look like improving. We do not care for Linotypes as an investment; there is too much for patents and goodwill in the balance-sheet to please us, especially as competition is promised in several directions. The shares may be all right for a speculation to get out on any rise. Buy some Schweppes ordinary at about 22s. 6d. or 23s.

S. J. C.—(1) The information we acted upon in the case of Menzies Gold Estates came from an independent expert who, coming home from Western Australia, advised us that the properties of the company were most valuable. We have lost faith in it; but it will probably pay you to take up your holding in the reconstruction, if only to sell. (2) This ground is well situated, but the lode is broken up, and we have little faith in it now, as every development appears to make it look more unpromising. (3) See this week's Notes. (4) Take your profit soon. If you want the papers back, send us a stamped envelope.

GLASGOW.—The thing was, we think, a swindle, but it is probably not worth your while to spend money on the matter. You are not likely to recover any cash.

SEABREAZE.—(1) Not that we know of. (2) Ditto. (3) We think not. (4) You must hold because you cannot help yourself.

MANCHESTER.—The concern is purely local, and you had better consult some Manchester broker. No one knows anything about it here.

W. H. C.—We prefer the New York Central or Illinois Central bonds. Why not Canadian Pacific Four per Cent. Preference shares or Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock, both likely to rise in value? Imperial Continental Gas stock would suit the lady and pay nearly 5 per cent.

CHAPMAN.—Thanks for your letter. The man is probably the same. Truth has over and over again exposed his methods. If it were worth while we could easily find out his whole history, but *cui bono*?

INQUIRER.—The Correspondence Rules were squeezed out last week, but you will find them in this issue.

SHIP CONDER.—We hear the company is full of orders, and the shares are a good speculation considering that they will pay 12 per cent.

CURLIE.—We have no faith in the shares. They are, perhaps, better than the Simpson's Foreign, but that is all we can say.

H. B. B.—The reconstruction will never pay you. Do not vote for it, and, if it is carried within seven days of the second meeting, give the liquidator notice that you dissent from the scheme, and require him to abandon it or purchase your interest in the assets under section 161 of the Companies Act 1862. Copy the exact form we give you, and be sure you give the notice within seven days of the second meeting. You may as well pay up at once, for you are sure to be made to do so.